

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 169.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

WE need not read a great deal of WILLIAM MORRIS to know what his poetry is; but we must read a great deal of poetry to know what he is. To understand any poet, demands more knowledge than falls to the lot of most of his readers; for, every poet, worthy of the name, represents more than himself. He represents an intellectual activity, which originated with others, or he represents a poetic ancestor, to whose estate he has succeeded. If this be the case with poets generally, it is especially the case with William Morris, who does both, as I propose to show.

To begin with his poetry. It differs from the poetry of every writer of the time in many and important particulars. It is not dramatic, like Browning's; it is not artistic, like Tennyson's; it is not pantheistic, like Swinburne's; and it is not domestic, like Longfellow's. It may contain the qualities which inhere in the work of the poets just mentioned, but it is not characterized by these qualities, as their work is. It is poetry, merely poetry of the kind which

sort; but a little reflection will convince him to the contrary. He has only to remember the great poets of the world, to remember

plays, which are Iliads and Odysseys of a later fashion. If Shakespeare and Homer overtop all the poets of the world, it is because they are what the Greeks believed poets to be when they called them poets, viz., makers.

The influence of Homer upon the literature of the world has been greater than that of any other writer—greater than that of all other writers put together. He inspired the poets who followed him, and they repaired to his works as to an inexhaustible storehouse, whence they drew whatever they would. He supplied the tragic poets with situations as well as characters, and his descriptions may be said to have created idyllic poetry. He was as well known throughout the length and breadth of Greece as the religion of the land, which was largely based upon his legends, and to know one was to know the other. He was taught to children, he was sung at festivals, he was the stuff upon which the Greek mind was nourished for centuries. Clearly, there was something in poetic story-telling in the age of Homer.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

is written for its own sake—the Poetry of Story-Telling. At the first thought, this may strike the reader as poetry of an inferior

that they are the world's greatest story-tellers. Such was Homer in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey;" and such is Shakespeare in his

Nor did it end here. For, centuries later, when he was introduced into Europe by Boccaccio, who obtained his knowledge

of him from the Greek scholars who fled into Italy after the downfall of Constantinople, his influence upon the literature of the period was so great that he almost superseded the absurd and interminable romances of chivalry. At any rate, he added, in his Greeks and Trojans, a grander race than existed then to the already-swollen army of heroic names.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that, to the same writer to whom we are indebted for our earliest knowledge of the first great poetic story-teller of the world, Homer, we are indebted for a work which helped to create, if it did not create, the world's second great poetic story-teller—Chaucer. The golden link by which Chaucer and Boccaccio, and, in certain sense, Homer also, are bound, is the "Decameron." But for the "Decameron" we should have had no "Canterbury Tales;" or, having them, they would probably have been very different from what they are. What they might have resembled we may conjecture by reading "The Court of Love," "The House of Fame," or "The Flower and the Leaf."

The history of poetic story-telling in England, and the changes through which it has passed, are so interesting (at least, I find them so), that I hope to be pardoned for dwelling a little upon them before I come to William Morris; who, however, is connected with what I am about to say, as the reader will perceive. Chaucer was not only indebted to Boccaccio, as I have already intimated, for the idea, the framework, of the "Canterbury Tales," but he was indebted to him for at least one of his stories—"The Knight's Tale"—which he worked over from Boccaccio's "La Teseida." He was also indebted to Boccaccio, and other of the Italian poets, for his measures, especially the measure which we now call the *Ascleio*, and which consists of lines of ten syllables in length, rhyming in couplets; and of a seven-line stanza, of the same length, of which the first and third lines, the second, fourth, and fifth lines, and the sixth and seventh lines, rhyme together. These were Chaucer's favorite measures, and it is worthy of remark that they are the measures which William Morris has employed most in his "Earthly Paradise"—partly, we may suppose, in honor of Chaucer, but more, we are sure, because they are the best that he could have chosen.

How inimitable the genius of Chaucer was, and how far in advance of the best intellects of his age, can only be understood by those who have attempted to read the poets who succeeded him, Gower, Lydgate, and the rest, and who fondly believed that they were walking in his footsteps. They had not the slightest conception of the *spirit* of his work, although they contrived somehow to possess themselves of its *forms*, particularly the seven-line stanza, which was in vogue among the English poets as late as the days of Browne and Phineas Fletcher. English poetry, from Chaucer down to Shakespeare, may be summed up under the head of narrative or story-telling verse. It is so prolix and uninteresting, that we cannot but wonder if it was ever read, and envy the patience of those who could read it. They were certainly an heroic and long-suffering race! One cannot help wondering, too,

at the pertinacity with which these old poets kept on writing their interminable verse. They seem to have had a sort of blind belief that it was a good thing, and it was, though not for them. It was a mine wherein they were to work, the ore of which was to be struck by others. I can recall nothing worth reading, after the "Canterbury Tales," except Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," and little after that unless it be Shakerley Marmion's "Cupid and Psyche." I except the "Faerie Queene," of course, as not being in the strict sense a narrative poem.

The Age of Elizabeth and James was a barren one, as regards the telling of stories in verse; but it was not as barren as one might suppose, for, if there was a scarcity of new stories, the old ones were still widely read. The "Canterbury Tales" were reprinted many times; Virgil was translated after a fashion, and, after Virgil, Homer. Chapman's Homer revived the memory of the world's greatest story-teller, and with it the lost art of poetic story-telling. It was practically recovered just before his day by the incoming race of dramatic poets, of whom Marlowe is the first that is worthy of serious attention; and it was carried to perfection, in his own day, by Shakespeare, whose tragedies and comedies are the most *living* of all human poems.

I find no period which corresponds, in productiveness, to the Age of Elizabeth, until I come to the closing years of the last, and the opening years of the present, century. I find then a gradual awakening of the poetic mind of England; and strivings as of a strong man who has long been deprived of his strength. Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron—never were so many poets crowded in so brief a space; and they were all story-poets except Wordsworth (who tried to be, and failed), the knightly life of past times finding its Chaucer in Scott, as the wild, adventurous life of the Orient found its Shakespeare in Byron. Everybody wrote narrative-poems when Scott and Byron were flourishing, as everybody wrote plays when Shakespeare and Jonson were flourishing; and many wrote them well. The one who succeeded best, in my way of thinking, was Leigh Hunt, whose "Story of Rimini" is a model of what a good story-poem should be. I say this with a tolerably clear remembrance of its faults, and I say the same of the "Lamia" of Keats, which is, if any thing, nearer the model which Hunt had in view, and which was no other than Chaucer. The spirit of Chaucer reappears in Hunt and Keats; but not to the same extent as in William Morris, who is Chaucer's lineal successor, and who represents and continues that peculiar phase of the intellectual activity of the world, which has always demanded, and sometimes obtained, the knowledge of mankind; which only poet story-telling can impart. Such, to me, is William Morris; and such is the relation which he bears to the poets who have gone before him.

Having settled, as I think I have, the place which William Morris occupies in English poetry, it becomes my duty to state, if I can, what resemblance he bears to Chaucer, and wherein he differs from him. Chaucer, if I understand his poetry, is the most benignant

of all the English poets; a bounteous, jovial-hearted, shrewd, and humorous soul. His pages are steeped in light and dew, and are fragrant with the breath of flowers. His *bon-homie* is unbounded; we feel it even when he is telling his saddest stories, which are not so sad, after all, as he tells them. We can always discover the true poet by analyzing the impression that his pathetic poetry leaves in our minds. For, if it be true, as Lord Bacon declares, that there is no beauty which has not some strangeness in it, it is equally true that there is no sorrow which has not some beauty in it; how much, or how little, will depend upon the genius of the poet, and the uses to which he puts it. Chaucer never leaves his readers unhappy. His large nature, which led him to sympathize with every thing human, is nowhere more at home than in what would now be thought low company; everywhere the gentleman in his poetry, he is hail-fellow-well-met with the least reputable of his famous "Canterbury Pilgrims."

If he enjoys the society of the Prioress, he enjoys still more the society of the good Wife of Bath. The "Miller's Tale" is not too free for him—or he would not have told it. How real his incidents are—how racy the talk of his characters! And who ever surpassed him in the skill with which these characters are drawn? Only Shakespeare is his master in Poetic Portraiture.

I find no trace of this excellence in William Morris. His personages are characterless and colorless, and the conversations they are supposed to hold are all pitched in the same key. It is the language of poetic shadows which they use, not the language of real men and women. It is true that this fault may be found with other poets, but hardly, it seems to me, to the same extent. The better members of the guild to which William Morris belongs, are comparatively free from it. Whether we like them or not, the heroes of Byron's story-poems are *alive*, and it is the rush of their wild blood that surges out in their passionate words. Scott's poetic heroes live, too; and how grandly they die, when die they must:

"A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye;  
With dying hand above his head,  
He shook the fragments of his blade,  
And shouted 'Victory!'  
'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'  
Were the last words of Marmion."

\* There is nothing heroic about William Morris's heroes, as a recent writer has well observed.

"They perform great deeds, it is true, because the old stories so represent them; but the only adventures in which Mr. Morris shows any interest are their love-affairs. Thus, when Perseus falls in love with Andromeda, several pages are taken up with a recital of all that they felt and said; but when the sea-monster appears, he is dispatched in as many lines. Perseus is armed with the Gorgon's head, a weapon of such tremendous power, that he ought to have felt it should be used only on great occasions; yet he employs it on the least provocation, and against the most ignoble foes, merely, as it appears, that Mr. Morris may have the pleasure of conducting him back as quickly as possible to the embraces

of Andromeda. Ruggiero, in the 'Orlando Furioso,' has a similar enchanted shield, but he keeps it carefully under cover, and when on one occasion he gains the victory by the accidental removal of the case, he flings the shield into a well."

There is an air of reality about most of Chaucer's stories, even about those which deal with imaginary or mythic personages, and times long antecedent to his own. Often prolix and pedantic, he is always a close observer of mankind; and when it is necessary for him to express the language of genuine feeling, he is never at a loss for the right words. I know of nothing in English poetry more pathetic than the dying speech of Arcite, in the "Knight's Tale:"

"Alas the wo! alas the peines stronge  
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!  
Alas the deth! alas myn Emelle!  
Alas departing of our compaignie!  
Alas myn heries queene! alas my wif!  
Min herles ladie, ender of my lif!  
*What is this world? what azen men to have?*  
*Now with his love, now in his colde grave.*  
*Alone withouten any compaignie!"*

William Morris is pathetic, but it is after a fashion of his own: what was artlessness in Chaucer, has become art with him; and excellent art, too, although inferior to the simple, natural touches of his master.

What William Morris needs, to make him the master story-teller of his day, is greater condensation of style, which he could surely attain, if he wished to; and greater breadth and cheerfulness of mind. He is prolix, even when he is most beautiful, prolix beyond any modern story-teller in verse, with the exception, perhaps, of Southey, whom nobody reads now. The longest poem in the "Earthly Paradise" is shorter than Scott's metrical romances; but it would take longer to read it than any of those dashing stories. He lacks movement; every thing is languid with him. His descriptions are so long that the narrative halts; his characters reflect when they should act. The air which breathes through his landscapes is stifling with sweets; his streams mirror every flower and every blade of grass along their banks. They are not of this world, but of the dreamy, dreary land of the Lotus-Eaters.

As the painting of contemporary manners was not the intention of William Morris, to compare the "Earthly Paradise" with the "Canterbury Pilgrims" would be unjust. It is not unjust to say, however, that, in the manners which he essays to paint, there is no trace of Chaucer's cheerfulness and serenity of soul. The determination of William Morris's genius, as it was the determination of Keats's genius, is toward whatever is the most poetical in the Past; and I respect him for it, as I respect Keats. Unfortunately for him, he does not escape the Present, as Keats did. There is not, I believe, a single contemporary allusion in any thing that Keats ever wrote (I except, of course, his letters); certainly, there is not a line of his poetry, in which the restlessness of modern thought and feeling is reflected. There is little else in William Morris; for, however remote from ours the time and the scenes which he describes in the "Earthly Paradise;" and whatever the nativity and adventures of those who figure therein, the tone, the feeling, is

modern throughout. The form of his work is *objective*, its spirit is *subjective*. His limitations confine him to the age, to the day, in which he lives and sings. Such, at least, is the impression which I receive from the "Earthly Paradise."

The excellences of William Morris are many. After Chaucer, he is the best story-teller of all the English poets; and it adds largely to his honors to say that he has told no story which was not worth telling. His style is the ideal narrative style—diffuseness being its only defect. It reminds me a little of the early manner of Keats, but with differences which detract from, and other differences which add to, my enjoyment of it. He has gone beyond "Endymion," but in so doing he has lost a certain freshness and exuberance characteristic of that delightful but immature poem, and has gained a certain soberness of touch, native neither to Keats, nor to his master, Hunt. What first strikes me in William Morris's poetry is the exceeding grace and purity of the language, of which the best thing I can say is, that it is English—English in its elements, English in its structure, and English in its effect. It is moulded in the three favorite measures of Chaucer—the heroic, the seven-line stanza, and the octosyllabic—which are handled as by no one since Spenser, whose tender sentiment, and sweet, unbroken melody are perfectly caught. Nowhere is there an appearance of effort, but everywhere ease—the seeming spontaneity which comes, if at all, only after years of loving labor.

I notice this last quality particularly, because it is a quality which William Morris may be said to have created for himself. There are no signs of it in his first volume, "The Defence of Guenevere," which was published in 1858, the year before Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" appeared, if my memory is not at fault, and which is certainly the strangest collection of poetry, not confessedly insane, in the language. I hardly know how to describe it; but, at a venture, it is mediæval in spirit, and affectedly modern in form. It could not have been written if Browning had not written his dramatic lyrics and monologues; and it probably would not have been written if Tennyson had not brought the Arthurian romance back into English literature. It is not so much the work of a young man, as the work of a young man who has lived too much with painters; or, to be more exact, with the painters of the certain or uncertain school who called themselves, a few years ago, pre-Raphaelites. It is dedicated to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the influence of whose art-studies is visible in it—more visible, I think, than in his own poetry even. In short, it is a collection of pre-Raphaelite pictures which have somehow sung themselves into rugged verse. These verse-pictures are a blind groping toward the art of poetic story-telling; but they are nothing more. Many of them are unintelligible, and the most intelligible have no real "excuse for being."

"The Defence of Guenevere" made no reputation for William Morris, outside the artistic circle in which he moved; and it is well, perhaps, that it did not, since it might have led him to write more verse of the same kind,

of which there was already enough. He seems to have thought so himself, for his next volume resembled it in nothing. The difference between "The Defence of Guenevere" and "The Life and Death of Jason," is the difference between the manner of the pre-Raphaelites and the simple style of pure Greek art. "The Life and Death of Jason," which was published in 1867, was at once recognized as the production of a poet—a new poet, who belonged to an old school—the good old school of Chaucer. It was followed, during the next year, by the first part of the "Earthly Paradise," which was finished in 1871.

Of the life of William Morris but few accounts have reached me, and those do not entirely agree. According to one, he was born in London, in 1830; according to another, at Walhamston, in 1835. His father is said to have been a merchant of London, and William the eldest of a large family of children. He was educated at the Marlborough Collegiate School, and afterward at Oxford, where he entered Exeter College, completing the usual course, and taking his degree. After leaving college he was for some time in an architect's office, and was also connected with a magazine, which had only a brief existence. It was published, I imagine, in the interests of the pre-Raphaelites, with whom and their peculiar art-notions he sympathized strongly. An early inclination to art at last led him to establish the business which he now follows, in Queen's Square, and in which he is assisted, I believe, by one or more of the Rossettis, the firm being Morris & Co. The object of this poetical firm, or one of their objects, is to carry the fine arts into matters of household decoration. They stain glass windows for churches and houses; they manufacture artistic furniture and upholstery; and they design the loveliest wall-paper. \* Annie Thomas thinks so, at any rate, for, in her last novel, "Maud Mohun," I find a glowing description of what she calls the "Morris Papers:" "Do you know them, my readers? Do you know those marvellous combinations of color and form, in which those who like may revel? Those wonderful grayish-blue backgrounds on which limes, lemons, and pomegranates, with their respective foliages, intertwine luxuriantly? How eye-comforting and perfect they are in their wonderful admixture of gray and blue 'undertone,' on which blooming fruits repose, that look as if they were executed by Nature, or by the rarest silks, deftly worked in by the daintiest hand and needle that ever agreed to work together! Do you know them? If you do not, you have got to learn how to make your walls artistic without the aid of pictures. I am wrong there, for these 'Morris Papers,' as they are familiarly called after their inventor, the author of the 'Earthly Paradise,' are pictures in themselves." As fine writing is not my forte, I leave William Morris in the hands of Annie Thomas, the walls of whose study he should forthwith cover with his choicest pattern, say the "Marguerite Paper," which she and her heroine Maud so admire, and which, I have no doubt, would make it an Earthly Paradise.

R. H. STODDARD.



## MISS INGLESBY'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLMER,"  
"MORTON HOUSE," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

"So this is the meeting for which we hoped ten years ago," she said, in her soft, full voice. "We meet, and you repulse even my friendship, because you are looking for Miss Inglesby, and I—am her sister-in-law."

There was a tone in this sentence that stung Kennon with some latent meaning; for a flush came over his face, and he lifted his dark eyes suddenly to her own.

"You know that is not true," he said quickly, almost fiercely—"you know I have not forgotten ten years ago—or the woman who promised to be faithful to me, either. That woman, however, was Alice Chisholm, and not"—he paused a moment, and added bitterly—"Miss Inglesby's sister-in-law."

"We won't tear open the old wounds, or reopen the old quarrel," said she, gravely. "It is all over—utterly past and gone. But fate having brought us together—in a manner, too, that will make it hard for us to avoid some slight intercourse—you will pardon me if I ask why Alice Chisholm cannot be your friend."

"Alice Chisholm was a woman of the world ten years ago," he answered, still full of bitterness. "She has not so far forgotten her worldly knowledge that she should need to ask that question now."

"Granting that she was a woman of the world," said she, with a vibration of scorn in her voice, "do you think that she did not know then, and does not know now, that you—*you*, Laurence Kennon—are the last man in the world to feel deeply or resent bitterly a mere love-disappointment? If you still refuse to take the hand which I offer—for the last time, remember—I shall know that it is not wounded love, but wounded pride, which has made you so implacable."

"You can think what you please of me," said he, leaning back against the rock from which she had risen, and looking passionately at the beautiful face before him. "My God! how I *ought* to hate you!" he went on. "To think of your treachery and your coquetry—to think how you have wrecked my life, as much of it as was left to wreck—and then to think that I should come here now—"

He broke off here with something like a gasp. She did not answer, her color did not deepen, her eyes did not quail. She stood before him like a proud, calm statue, daring him, as it were, to say and do his worst.

Suddenly he advanced a step and grasped her arm.

"You talk of Alice Chisholm," he said, almost fiercely. "What if I were fool enough to call her back to life and accept her 'friendship'? Would she like to play the old game over again? I believe once was enough for me. Am I any better, any more desirable now than when so dutifully and obediently

she gave me up—left me to live or die as best I could—and married—"

She lifted her hand with a silencing gesture. "Hush! For the sake of the old time, you can say what you please of me; but he was my husband—and he is dead."

"Yes, he is dead: and I did not mean to speak ill of him. Why should I? No doubt he was a good fellow enough—only I hated him too much ever to find it out. Well, you married him—not me. Now, that you are free again, would you marry me if I gave my heart up for your sport again, and asked you to do so?"

Passionate as the question was, and full of bitter scorn—the scorn of one who meets some sore temptation beyond his strength, to which he must succumb—it was earnest with an earnestness that few things possess in this world of sham and sentiment. Perhaps the fire that rang in every tone stirred the heart of Alice Chisholm sleeping in Mrs. Inglesby's breast. But she was a woman of the world, and no outward token of this appeared on her proud, calm face, no glance of it flickered into the clear, brown eyes steadfastly facing his own. When she spoke, her voice was soft and even:

"Tell me, rather, if you would advise me to do so? Those prudent counsellors of whom you spoke are all gone now. I stand quite alone, with my own life in my own hand to make or mar as I please. Laurence, should I make or mar it by marrying you?"

There was something of solemnity both in the form and in the tone of her appeal. For reply, the lids sank slowly over Kennon's eyes, and once more the dark flush rose in his cheek.

"You know yourself," he said. "You know what people say of me. Why ask me?"

"I ask you because you can tell me best."

"Then I tell you that you would mar it beyond all hope of redemption," he answered, violently. "Is that enough? Ten years ago, when they warned you against me, I was a paladin compared to what I have been since. You did well to marry Inglesby then. Trust me, you will do better still to marry Devereux now."

She started.

"So—you know that?"

"Know it! Would I not have been blind and deaf if I had seen him standing here, and not known it? But I did not need to discover it for myself. I reached Northorpe this morning, and I heard the news from half a dozen people before I came out here."

"You credit it, of course?"

"Yes; why not? We are both ten years older, and you are beautiful and poor, while Devereux, thanks to my folly, is rich, and ready to be won."

"You forget yourself," said she, haughtily.

"No," answered he, recklessly, "I only forget my new *role*—that of being an 'old friend' of the charming Mrs. Inglesby. Alice, Alice," he went on, suddenly changing his tone, and seizing her hands, "Fate, as you say, has brought us together once more—let us not throw away our last hope of happiness.

Why should we not cast away all these bitter years, and their bitter memories? Why should we not live our lives out as we once dreamed of doing?"

She left her hands in his clasp, but she smiled coldly.

"You forget," she said, "you forget that we are ten years older, and—poor."

"I forget every thing but you," he answered, passionately; "every thing but the hope that is shining for me in your eyes."

"Shining only to deceive, then," she said, bitterly; but suddenly she cried out as if in pain: "Laurence, let me go. I—I cannot bear this. Let me go—let me think!"

He let her go; and, as she sat down on the same stone where she had been sitting when Devereux's glance startled her, he turned his back, and, walking to the extreme verge of the rock, stood looking down at the white waters of the foaming cascade. After awhile she called his name, and, when he turned, he saw that her resolution was taken.

"It would never do, Laurence," she said, gravely. "When you think it all over, you will see for yourself that it would never do. Just now you have been led away by impulse, and you forget the gulf that lies between us. No, I don't mean your life or any thing connected with it," she said, as he was about to speak. "I mean the change that time has wrought in our characters, in our very selves. If we had been let alone ten years ago, the end might have been very different—but now it is too late. We have grown apart, instead of together: you have lost your inheritance—I am entirely without fortune. We should, in every sense, mar each other's lives if we cast them together. Laurence, is it not best for us each to go our own way, and live, in the future as in the past, apart?"

"It is for you to decide," he answered, striving to repress the emotion which he could not altogether conceal. "You were always reasonable and prudent in the extreme—even ten years ago. You mean, then, that we shall each continue our present game—that you will marry my precious cousin, and that I must play the fortune-hunter with that girl down yonder?"

"Laurence" (she turned on him sharply), "do you mean to say that you do not—that you never have—cared for her?"

"I mean to say that I never cared for but one woman in the world, and that she threw my love away, like *that*"—(he snapped off a twig and tossed it on the whirling waters)—"I mean to say, too, that you may judge whether this love was dead when I tell you that the mere sound of your name was enough to drive me from Northorpe as soon as you entered it; and I came here to-day—and this is the end!"

She put one merciless question directly to him: "What did you come here to-day for?"

He answered as briefly: "To ask Miss Inglesby to marry me."

"And yet you have asked me?"

"Yes, I am a fool. I have asked you."

"Well, I will not be a fool and take you at your word. We are old friends—that is all. On the strength of that friendship let



me wish you success in your wooing. Only promise me one thing—that you will be kind to her."

"She would thank you for such consideration," he said, bitterly—adding, with a sudden passionate vehemence, "and I thank you for proving to me, once for all, that ten years ago or to-day I am equally nothing to you!"

"Laurence!" she said, startled in spite of herself. But she spoke too late. He had already flung himself from the rock and was gone.

Poor Rose! It was hard on her when she heard—as she did hear before long—that Kennon had come to the falls with Mrs. Reynolds; that he stayed but a short time; that he saw Mrs. Inglesby; and that he had gone back to Northorpe without seeing her. "No doubt it was on account of Mr. Devereux that he went," people said to each other, as they ate their luncheon, scattered about in picturesque groups over the rocks. But Rose knew better. A sudden instinct, an intuition of the truth, enlightened her; and, when she was told that he had met her sister-in-law, nothing more was needed for its confirmation. "So she has got him, too," thought the girl, looking with gloomy eyes at Alice, as she sat in all her brilliant beauty not far off. It was very bitter—it was surely very hard. Was it not enough that Devereux, who had been predestined her own captive, should fall into the stranger's toils, but Kennon, too, must be a victim? Could not Alice be content with the rich prize, the desirable cousin, but must she lay hands also on the one whom everybody cried out upon as undesirable, and for whom she could have no possible use? Of course it will be seen that Miss Inglesby was taking a great deal for granted; but that was her way, as it is the way of most imaginative people. And her instinct certainly pointed very shrewdly to the truth.

It would be difficult to say whether her fears were most relieved or realized when, as she sat silent and distraught in the drawing-room that evening, Kennon made his appearance. She knew his step in the hall, and animation flashed instantly into her languid face. Alice knew it, too, and her eyes immediately sought Rose with a strange, intent gaze, of which the girl was wholly unaware. Her own color did not vary by a shade, nor did her manner change in the least, even when Kennon entered, and when she was obliged to explain their former acquaintance to Mrs. Inglesby. Rose heard the explanation, and, when Kennon came over to her, she was too much disturbed to notice his bearing as closely as she had wished to do. Instead, he was able to notice and to set his own interpretation upon the flushed cheeks and wistful eyes uplifted to him. But, in truth, this preoccupation mattered very little. If Rose had been able to judge, she would have found that he was entirely the same in manner as when she had seen him last. He had been quite unnerved that morning; quite thrown out of the artificial self which years and much experience of life had fashioned; but with such a man such a state of feeling is only temporary. To-night he was himself again; and all the more steeled in his purpose by a fierce contempt for his own senti-

ment and folly. When he saw Rose's emotion, he thought, "The game is won;" and when he sat down by her side, it was with the determined resolve to make good use of his time.

Good use of his time he certainly made; for, though he did not absolutely ask her to marry him—Mrs. Inglesby's watchful care and the lack of opportunity prevented that—he did every thing else which it is practicable to do in a room full of people. When he went away at last, he left Rose in a fever of excitement, triumph, and indecision. He had asked her, at parting, if she meant to walk the next morning, and she had told him yes—feeling confident that he would meet her, and ask the question he had not been able to ask that night. Yet, strange to say with regard to her answer, she was by no means clear. It is one thing to like a man and flirt with him to the very verge of love-making, and quite another to promise or intend to marry him. Rose had long since taken the first step, but, when it came to the second, she had still sense enough left to pause. She knew what a storm of opposition she must expect from her parents; what an outcry from the world; but these things counted little with her. In the ignorant boldness of youth, she was ready to defy them. The fear that tugged at her heart-strings, the fear that made her hold back, was the fear of Kennon himself. Not the fear of what his life had been and might be yet—for there, again, her ignorance made her bold—but the fear of his love, the distrust of his sincerity. She had felt it always, more or less; but, notwithstanding that he had never been so devoted as on that night, she felt it that night more than ever before. Perhaps it was his strange departure from the cascade, or that "former acquaintance" with her sister-in-law, of which he had spoken so lightly, or the earnest gaze in Alice's eyes when she met them once or twice, or perhaps only that intangible something which can always be felt, if not detected, in an acted or spoken falsehood. Whatever it was, the fact remained the same. Once at least, before it was too late, she wavered—once at least, asked herself whether the gain was worth the risk. But such questions are easily answered when years are few and impulses strong. "If I must be miserable," thought the girl of eighteen, "it is better to be miserable with him than without him. Besides, I do believe—I will believe—that he loves me!" And so the die was cast. When she laid her head down on the pillow that night, her decision was made—she would accept him, and abide the consequences.

Meanwhile there was another person besides herself whom indecision and conflict kept wakeful during much of that night. Long after Rose's eyes had closed in slumber, Alice Inglesby still paced her room, with a face strangely set and brows strangely knitted. It was evident that she was thinking deeply; and truly she had cause enough for thought. In the course of our lives it chances that most of us influence directly or indirectly, in greater or lesser degree, the lives of others. But, as a general rule, we do not recognize even this influence until after the effect has taken place.

We are rarely conscious of it at the time, for we walk ever in a mist; and the day of our death is not more effectually hidden from us than the consequences of our least actions. Yet sometimes this veil of ignorance is lifted—partially, at least. Sometimes we are able to behold, as in a mirror, the direct results of certain acts, and, beholding them, we must be strangely reckless of things present, and things to come, if we do not pause—awed a little by our own responsibility. It was such a moment, just now, with Alice. She was painfully conscious that she held in her hand the thread of fate for three lives besides her own. She was oppressed with the sense that, on her decision, rested the future of three people; and that circumstance—the potent monarch of human life—seemed for once passively awaiting her command. All day the sense of this responsibility had been with her, and all day she had rebelled against and denied it. "I am only one of the actors," she thought. "I have no more control over the drama than they." But to-night this flimsy self-deception was at an end. To-night she saw before her the stern array of inevitable consequences, and, since they were inevitable, faced them steadily. "Once for all, I will weigh the matter in every aspect," she thought; and, as the hours went on, she still paced the floor, and still weighed it.

She had summed up the whole case in its persons' application to themselves, when she spoke to Kennon in the morning; but there was the other side, the side *not* personal to themselves, to be considered. When she said to him, "You have lost an inheritance; I am wholly without fortune. We should, in every sense, mar each other's lives if we cast them together," she stated a truth which he could not gainsay; but when she was called upon to decide for Devereux and Rose, it was not so easy. "They go into the matter with their eyes open," she said. "Rose loves Kennon, and Devereux loves me—is not that enough?" But then came the question—*Did they go into it with their eyes open?* Would Rose be likely to marry Kennon if she could hear him declare that he had never loved but one woman, and she the woman who had given him up ten years before? Would Devereux accept even her hand if he could read her heart and see how persistently it clung to the man who had first awakened its romance and passion? Yet what of these things? Was it once, in a thousand cases of marriage, that love was equal on both sides? Did not hundreds of men and women marry for motives more unworthy than Kennon's or her own, and yet make excellent husbands and wives? She could answer for her own after-conduct, she was sure. She liked Devereux well enough to do more than tolerate him. His character was pleasant to her, his manners suited her, and his tastes agreed with hers. This was a good foundation, and of herself she had reason to be confident. But Kennon! There, indeed, was cause for hesitation. What his life had been, she knew; what it would be, she had sufficient experience of the world to foresee. Knowing the one, foreseeing the other, could she stand aside and let Rose rush headlong on her fate? In vain she thought that it was none of her

affair; that the girl's self, and the girl's parents, were alone concerned. Conscience rose up in reply, and said: "It is you alone who can save her." "But why should I save her?" she asked. "She is nothing to me; while Kennon—whose interests I am serving—is very much."

She had scarcely asked the question when she stopped a moment, and her glance, by some strange magnetism, was attracted to a miniature that lay on her toilet-table. Almost unconsciously, she took it up and opened it. When the lid of the case flew back, the face of a young man looked at her from the ivory. It was the likeness of her husband. For a second she was startled, since usually this miniature remained in her writing-desk, and she could not think how it chanced to be here, until she suddenly remembered that Mrs. Inglesby had asked for it several days before, and that doubtless it had been returned that day during her absence. But, however the fact of its presence might be explained, there was no ignoring the effect which this presence produced. She looked steadfastly at the bright, young face, until large tears gathered in her eyes, and misted her sight. She had loved this dead man very tenderly—more, perhaps, as she might have loved a favorite brother, than as women usually love their husbands—but still with a depth and pathos that could not but rush back over her when she gazed thus on the shadow of the face that was forever gone from earth. "My poor darling!—my poor, gallant boy!" she thought, weeping softly, and wiping away the tears as they fell. "He loved me very dearly, and I can never prove my love for him!—I can never repay the tenderness he gave me." She said this half aloud, and she had scarcely finished saying it, when she started. Were her eyes bewitched, or did the face bear a likeness to Rose which she had never noticed in it before? People spoke of the resemblance, she knew; but she had never been able to discover it until now. Now suddenly it flashed upon her. Those violet eyes, looking up at her, were strangely soft and wistful for a man's; and how like they were, in form and tint, to those she had seen gazing into Kennon's face that night! Those lips, so softly curved and clearly cut, wore Rose's own smile—the smile half arch, half sweet, which she so well remembered. Then it came back to her, like a forgotten dream, how the dead brother loved the little sister who had been his pet and darling, how tenderly he spoke of her, and how often he wished that Alice could see and know her. "You would be able to do her so much good," he had said; and now—it was no wonder Alice closed the case with a sharp pang, and turned away. Was it good she was about to do this sister of her dead husband?

#### CHAPTER VI.

It may be imagined that, with thoughts such as these for her companions, Mrs. Inglesby was little disposed for sleep. In fact, she still paced her chamber long after the other inmates of the house were wrapped in quiet slumber—long after even Rose's white lids

had sunk over her violet eyes. It was well on toward two o'clock when, at last, she suddenly stopped and made an impatient gesture.

"Things seem fantastic and unreal at night," she said. "Somehow, they are always magnified, and events or feelings of really small importance assume gigantic proportions when viewed at such a time. I know perfectly well that all these absurd scruples on the one hand, these old, sentimental recollections on the other, will fade into absolute insignificance to-morrow morning. Therefore, why should I torment myself with them? Has the surprise of the day unstrung me? Am I mad that I don't see, not only what I could, but what I *must*, do?"

She walked abruptly across the floor, and drew back a curtain from one of the windows—a window looking out over the garden and toward the Devereux House. The fragrant stillness of the starlit summer-night seemed to come to her like a soft caress; there was not the faintest gleam of light anywhere, not the faintest sound of moving life—only the perfume of the flowers, the brightness of the stars, and the dark outline of the stately roof cutting against the steel-blue sky. As she stood quite motionless, she heard a clock, far away in the heart of the silent town, striking two; and at that moment, almost as if the stroke had been a signal, a wild glare of flame burst forth from the hitherto dark and silent Devereux House.

For an instant, Alice stood petrified, absolutely doubting the evidence of her senses, and chained to the spot by sheer amazement; but this inaction did not last more than an instant. She was a woman of rare coolness and presence of mind, and she realized at once that, owing to the lateness of the hour, the flames were likely to make fatal headway before any one was roused in the quiet neighborhood. She could see that the fire had burst forth in the kitchen wing of the house. If the alarm was given immediately, therefore, it might be possible to save the main building. She sprang from the window, and, running hastily down the corridor on which her chamber opened, she was soon thundering vigorously at Colonel Inglesby's door.

"What's the matter? Who the deuce is that?" cried a startled voice within.

"It is I—Alice!" she answered. "Mr. Devereux's house is on fire! The alarm ought to be given at once! Oh, sir, pray—pray get up!"

Colonel Inglesby needed no farther adjuration. She heard him say, "The devil!" and make one spring to the floor. "I'll be there in a minute," he answered. "Rouse the servants, Alice! Send somebody to knock 'em up over there. Where did the fire burst out? Has no alarm been given?"

"I have not heard a sound," she replied. "There are never any policemen in this part of the town, and everybody seems asleep. The glare must wake them soon, however."

"Is the fire serious?"

"Very serious, I should think."

She waited to say no more, but hastened back to her own room to see how matters were progressing. Even in these few minutes,

the fire had gained considerably; but the house itself was yet wrapped in utter stillness. A sudden, horrible fear came over her. What if one of the tragedies so rife in these days of terror had been perpetrated? What if the household had been murdered, and the house fired to conceal the crime? Anything seems possible in a moment of panic, especially if that panic comes at night. Her heart seemed to stand still for a minute; then a sudden flood of resolution came to her. She turned, left the room, ran down-stairs—thinking, even in this moment of supreme excitement, that it was fortunate she had not undressed—and, groping her way through the dark house, managed to unbar one of the dining-room windows, and let herself into the garden. The whole thing occupied such a short space of time that she saw scarcely any change in the state of affairs when she stepped out into the open air. She did not stop to wonder at the quietness which still brooded over every thing, nor to admire the effect of the flames so vividly thrown into relief against the deep-purple sky. She sped swiftly down one of the paths which led to the gate opening into the Devereux grounds. It was as she reached this, and laid her hand on the familiar latch, that the first cry of "Fire!" rang out in the street; and, the next moment, the deep tones of the alarm-bell began to sound.

"Thank God!" she said—but still she held on her way, knowing that succor could not come for some time, and that meanwhile the fire might render the escape of those within difficult, if not dangerous. Quickly she sped across the flower-beds, quickly through the hedges and under the drooping vines laden with odorous blossoms, quickly across the lawn damp with clinging dew, quickly up the broad stone steps into the portico. Then seizing the bell-handle, she pulled it violently again and again. Still, no sound answered—though she could hear it tinkling far away.

"Good Heavens! what can be the matter!" she thought, turning round to see if no rescue was at hand. As she looked, she saw a man come dashing hurriedly over the lawn toward her. The front gates were still fastened, so that he had evidently leaped the palings. As he sprang up the steps, and they stood face to face in the bright glow, she saw that it was Kennon.

"Laurence!" she cried.

"Alice!" said he—in the tone of one overwhelmed with surprise.

But the next instant he remembered himself and drew back stiffly.

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Inglesby. I was surprised to see you here; but I suppose that, like myself, you wish to rouse the inmates. Is it possible nobody is awake yet?"

"Nobody has stirred," she answered. "It seems to me exceedingly strange! I am very glad you have come. I saw the fire first," she went on, quickly, "my room is on this side—I left my father-in-law dressing—and—and—oh, pray ring the bell!"

This confused speech did not sound very much like the stately Mrs. Inglesby, but in truth Kennon's dark eyes were reading her face so keenly, and she was so well aware

that he was wondering how she came to be awake and dressed at such an hour of the night, that her usual self-possession quite forsook her.

"Ring the bell!" she repeated, sharply, as he still stood looking at her. "Surely they must wake after awhile!"

Peal after peal at the bell, knock after knock on the door producing no effect, Kennon shrugged his shoulders.

"Devereux always slept like one of the seven champions of Christendom," he said, "and it is evident his servants share the peculiarity. If you'll stay here, Mrs. Inglesby, I'll go round and try to get into the house another way. This really does begin to look serious!"

"Surely the fire-company will be here soon," said she, anxiously—very anxiously, he thought.

"The alarm has just been given," he answered. "They are not likely to be here very soon. I am afraid the old house will certainly go."

"Oh, what a shame—what a pity!"

"Quite a pity!" said he, philosophically.

"How are you going to get in?" she asked, as he turned away.

"I shall break a window of the conservatory," he answered, coolly.

Then he walked off, but when he reached the conservatory, he found, much to his surprise, that she had followed him.

"If you have no objection, I will go in, too," she said. "I can wake the servants, while you rouse Mr. Devereux."

"Are you afraid to trust me with him?" asked he, with a sudden bitter tone in his voice, a sudden angry flash in his eye. "I have not taken a degree in assassination yet."

"You know better than that," she answered, haughtily. "Mr. Devereux is no more to me than any other acquaintance whose life I desire to save—no more than one of his servants. But if the house is doomed, I may be able to save a few valuables; and since there is nobody else to do it, I feel it right to go in."

"I feel it right to tell you that there's risk in it."

"Scarcely just yet, I think."

He glanced up at the roof which was already beginning to blaze in several places—shrugged his shoulders again—smashed a window, climbed in, and opened a door for her. Together they entered the house, and soon found their way to the upper regions. While Kennon went to wake his cousin, Alice roused the startled servants, who scarcely waited to throw on their clothes before they fled in wild alarm.

Then suddenly, as if by magic, the grounds became thronged with people, the engines of the fire-company came up at a gallop, and began to play upon the roof, adventurous spirits thronged the house, tossing the costly furniture recklessly out of the windows and injuring far more than they saved. Others again, came in to pilfer, the flames rushed steadily on, the people talked, the engines played, the flowers stared at the light of the great conflagration, or withered away beneath its fierce heat—a scene of wild pandemonium

replaced the odorous quiet of the summer night.

In the midst of this, Devereux came hastily up to Kennon, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd, talking to Rose Inglesby. It struck them both, as he approached, that he looked singularly pale and agitated, even for a man whose house was burning down.

"Kennon," he said, hastily, "do you know where Mrs. Inglesby is? Have you heard—have you seen her anywhere?"

"Mrs. Inglesby!" Kennon repeated, starting, and growing so pale that the pallor of the other face was, by contrast, insignificant and natural. "My God—no! Is she missing?"

"I can't find her," the other answered, "and one of the servants says something about seeing her in the library. But she can't have been so foolish—so mad—as to stay there until now. Perhaps she has gone home.—Miss Inglesby, do you know?"

"I am sure she has not gone home, Mr. Devereux," Rose answered, trembling with a sudden, vague fear.

The two men looked at each other. In all their lives neither of them ever forgot that horrible, sickening moment.

"Did you leave her in the house?" Devereux sharply asked.

"I left her for you to bring out," Kennon as sharply answered.

It was easy, then, to see how the thing occurred. Devereux had not heard of her presence in the house when he hastily left it. Kennon had quitted it even before that, thinking Alice safe under the guardianship of the man she had been so eager to save. She, on her part, had lingered in the library until escape was cut off by the flames.

"What are we to do?" Devereux asked, in the midst of the awful, hushed panic which seized them.

"You may do what you like," said Kennon, fiercely. "I am going after her."

He turned quickly toward the house, but Rose caught his arm. At that moment she forgot every thing—her sister-in-law, Devereux, maidenly reserve, every thing but the fear that he would rush madly into danger.

"O Mr. Kennon," she cried, "don't—don't be rash! Perhaps Alice has gone home!"

Kennon answered nothing; he only brushed her aside as if she had been a butterfly, and went on his way.

Of what ensued he had never more than a vague remembrance. He recollected mounting a fireman's ladder to the library-window—that same window at which Alice had stood a few nights before, thinking of him—and climbing into the room already full of dense, black smoke. But all this was singularly confused; nothing was clear, until he found himself kneeling over a half-suffocated and unconscious woman on the sward below. Even in her unconsciousness, however, she did not relax her clasp of a small picture which she held.

Strangely enough, it was the engraving which had hung over Devereux's writing-table.

How brightly and joyously the next morning broke over the blackened ruin of the once

stately Devereux House! How gayly the birds sang among the roses, how softly the shadows flickered over the green turf! How little any thing in Nature seemed to reek of the destruction which had been wrought between the setting and rising of the sun!

"And it would be all the same if it had been a human life instead of a house!" thought Alice Inglesby, as she rose and stood at the same window where she had been standing when the flames broke forth the night before. Her attack of unconsciousness had been very slight—for she was not a woman prone to fainting-fits—and, thanks to a superb constitution, had left no ill effects beyond a little languor and paleness. There might have been more, however, if she had not been "kept up" just then by the fictitious strength of excitement. During her vigil of the dawn, she had taken a resolve which had been lacking in her vigil of the night. Somehow, light had come to her, as well as to the world. Things which had been conflicting before, seemed thoroughly harmonious now. Standing there in the bright sunlight, her future life showed itself in a new aspect. Every thing within her was so changed, that the whole outside world seemed changed also. Should she ever forget the look in Kennon's eyes, when she opened her own on his face, there on the turf last night? It had gone straighter to her heart than if he had pleaded with all the passionate eloquence that ever stirred a human tongue. And here let it be said that, being a woman of sense, and not a sentimental fool of any age (for sentimental folly is not limited to sixteen), she did not for a moment think of attaching the least importance to the mere fact of his having, in romantic parlance, "saved her life." She knew perfectly well that he would have done the same good office quite as willingly for the cook or the chambermaid. It was that look in his eyes which haunted her—which seemed to beckon her on to the perpetration of the rankest act of folly ever perpetrated by a "woman of the world."

Then the thought of Rose and of Harry—the two strangely mingled—came back to her as they had come the night before. She seemed to see the fair, rose-bud beauty of the girl, and to feel the same pang of absolutely painful pity which she had felt the night before, when she saw her falling into the toils of the adventurer, who avowedly wooed her only for her fortune. Yet the night before she had steeled her heart and said, "Where is the remedy?" Now she seemed to see the remedy.

"My life does not matter," she said aloud. "I have only myself to consider; and, therefore, why should I consider at all? Nobody can be injured or aggrieved if I throw myself away; while Rose—ah! it is different with her. She has a mother's heart to be broken. Poor, foolish child! she has even a heart of her own to suffer!—and how it would suffer when she learned the truth! How little she will thank me for such consideration," she added, with a short laugh; "and yet—if she only knew it—how infinitesimal is the heart-ache or two she will suffer now, to the ocean of anguish I will spare her! Am I mad, I wonder?" she went on, walking to the mir-



ror and looking at herself. "I should certainly have said so yesterday. But to-day I feel inclined to act before sanity comes back."

Mrs. Inglesby, senior, who, like all the rest of the household, felt singularly restless and unsettled after the night of adventure, had wandered into the garden, and was blankly surveying the smoking ruins which marked the place where the house had so lately stood, when, to her amazement, Alice advanced from one of the dining-room windows toward her.

"My dear, you up?" she cried, aghast.

"Thanks, yes, I have quite recovered," Alice answered. Then, hastening on to cut short the remonstrance she felt to be impending: "I saw you from my window, and I hurried down at once, because I thought I could not find a better opportunity for speaking to you—in confidence, if you have no objection."

Of course, Mrs. Inglesby had no objection, and only a few words were necessary to put matters on a confidential footing between them. The mother's heart was too sorely anxious not to be glad of any counsellor, much more of any helper; and Alice spoke with the quiet composure of one certain of her own power. Before very long, Mrs. Inglesby's worst anxiety was relieved, and her worst fears allayed.

"Find some excuse for detaining Rose, this morning, from her usual walk," said Alice, "and I will guarantee that Laurence Kennon shall never trouble her again."

"But—but, my dear, how will you manage it?" Mrs. Inglesby cried.

"Never mind how I shall manage it," the other answered. "I promise to accomplish it—that is all. You will hear the result before very long," she added, as she turned toward the house; "and I hope you will be a little sorry when I say that it will probably force me to leave you."

"But—Mr. Devereux?" exclaimed the elder lady, who now began to have an inkling of the truth.

"Rose will console Mr. Devereux, I dare say," Alice answered, quietly. And then she walked away.

It would be hard to say how deeply Rose was chagrined when her mother made an absolute demand for her presence that morning, and when she found that, without betraying a most undue anxiety for her usual walk, she must submit to remain at home. Prudence, for once, carried the day. She submitted with a very bad grace, consoling herself with the thought that Kennon was again safely domiciled in Northorpe, and that opportunities for seeing him were many. So, although it is to be feared that Mrs. Inglesby did not have a very amiable companion, she still carried her point, and the field was left clear for Alice.

At the hour when Rose was in the usual habit of going out, Alice came down-stairs, and left the house. As she descended the front steps, she met a servant ascending them with a letter in his hand, and, when he touched his cap and extended it, she saw that it was addressed to herself. In a second, her heart gave a great leap. The writing told her at once that it was from Devereux, and she

must needs have been dull beyond the measure of ordinary dullness, if she had not at once divined the nature of its contents. For a moment she stood still, looking at the envelop as it lay in her hand—thinking, perhaps, how hard it was to fight against fate. She had thought to put temptation aside, and here it met her at the very threshold of her new determination. She had thought it would be easier to ignore the rich prize which chance had thrown into her life than to absolutely nerve herself to the point of rejecting it; yet here it was in her hand, and acceptance or rejection was now a matter of necessity. She would not have been a woman, if the temptation had not been great—so great that she dared not trust herself to consider it, that she dared not enter the house to answer that letter while still free to answer it as she chose. After a minute, she turned to the servant.

"I am just going out," she said. "I cannot stop to read this now. Tell Mr. Devereux that I will send an answer as soon as I return."

The man bowed and departed with this consolatory message. Turning hastily in the opposite direction, Alice went her way toward the square in which Rose usually took her morning walk, and where she was sure of meeting Kennon.

When she entered, she strolled up and down the paths laid out so trimly between plats of green sward; but no sign of Kennon appeared. Several nurses were sitting round the fountain that played in the centre of the square; children were trundling hoops up and down the walks; one or two men were resting on shady benches, reading morning papers; and a pair of school-girls strolled past, with their heads bent over their French grammars. For a short time, Alice was puzzled by Kennon's absence from the tryst; but then she remembered that she was early, and, choosing a walk which was uninvaded, she sat down on a bench to wait. Waiting is, at all times, tiresome work; and, being in a state of excitement, she found it more than usually tiresome this morning. So her hand soon found its way to her pocket, and brought forth Devereux's letter. Having brought it forth, the next step was to open and read it. She had read it twice, and her face was still bent over the page, when a ringing step on the gravel-path made her look up just as Kennon's shadow fell over her.

He looked astonished—as, indeed, there was good reason that he should be.

"I am glad to see you so entirely recovered," he said, stopping before her, but speaking very frigidly. "I feared that the results of your adventure last night might prove very serious."

"It might have proved serious to some people," she answered. "Fortunately for me, however, I do not feel a nervous shock very much, and there was little else in that. If you had been ten minutes later, though—"

"You might have been beyond recovery," said he, coolly finishing her sentence as she paused. He was on his guard now, and not even into his eyes flickered any thing more than the quietest courtesy.

"It was very horrible," said she, in a low voice. "I never knew before what suffoca-

tion meant; but the dense smoke quite overpowered me, and I suppose I must have been insensible for some time before you came."

"Why did you go there?" he asked, unable to repress his curiosity on that point.

"There were some very fine pictures there," she answered. "I wanted to save some of them. After all, however, I did not succeed in doing so."

Then there was a pause. Kennon was still standing before her, but he now made a movement as if he would have bowed and passed on; only just then she looked up and spoke quickly—with the manner of one who had nerved herself to an effort.

"I believe you have an appointment with Rose," she said. "She is not here—will not be here this morning. If you do not object, however, I should like to say a few words to you."

She pointed to a vacant place on the bench beside her, and, after a slight hesitation, Kennon sat down.

"I confess I do not understand—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"You do not understand what brought me here? That is very likely; but, if you will be patient a moment, you shall hear. We are old friends, and I wish to ask your advice. Will you read that?"

She held Devereux's letter toward him, and, with increased surprise, he received it. He gave a start as soon as he saw the opening words, but he did not raise his eyes, and, as he read it, she watched him keenly. He held his face under tolerably good control, but she had once known its least weather-sign, and her eyes were not likely to deceive her now. Yet, when he finished, he looked up and spoke with more passion and less bitterness than she had expected.

"Well," said he, "tell me now the meaning of this. You did not use to be cruel for the mere sake of cruelty, and I am loath to think that you have learned to find pleasure in the infliction of pain. Yet your motive for giving me such a letter puzzles me. Do you want me to go and cut this man's throat," he went on, with ill-restrained vehemence, "that you show me the words of love with which he offers you my inheritance?"

"I told you what I want," she answered. "I want your advice."

"My advice? I can give it to you in two words—marry him. He is rich, and he is a fool—marry him!"

"He is not a fool," she said, with something like indignation in her voice. "He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud—whom any woman might well learn to love. That letter"—she pointed to it as she spoke—"has touched me more than I can say. Only a fine nature and a gentle heart could have written such words as those."

"Marry him, then!—for God's sake, marry him!"

She rose from her seat, and took a turn down the walk—then came back and stood before him, the flickering shadows falling softly over her resolute face and earnest eyes.

"Laurence," she said, "do you remember yesterday?—do you remember telling me that Fate had brought us together once more, and that we should not throw away our last

hope of happiness? Is yesterday to-day with you? Think for a moment, and then tell me—can you say that now?"

In a moment he understood her, and he, too, rose to his feet. They faced each other steadily in the golden sunlight before he pointed to Devereux's letter.

"I say it now as I said it then," he answered. "But, with this before me, I am constrained to add—don't let me stand in your way. There is the path to fortune—take it now, as you took it before."

"You are unjust!" she cried, passionately. "It was no path to fortune that I took before. And if I take it now it will only be because by such words as these you prove to me that Rose Inglesby's heiress-ship is more to you than I am."

Her shaft struck home. Adventurer though he was, Kennon had still enough of honor and sincerity left to feel it. A dark-red flush surged over his face, and, stepping forward a few feet, he caught her hands.

"Tell me what you mean?" he demanded, almost roughly. "I am dull at reading riddles, and this has grown beyond my comprehension. Why have you come here?—why have you showed me that letter?—why do you speak to me like this? You know that Rose Inglesby is nothing to me; and that you—are every thing. Do you mean that you are willing to give up *him* for *me*?"

He pointed once more to the letter—now lying on the ground at his feet—and Alice's gaze followed the gesture half sadly. Stooping, as if by a sudden impulse, she lifted the open sheet of paper, gently folded it, and laid it aside on the bench. Then she turned back to Kennon, and held out her hand.

"Just that way I put him out of my life," she said. "If you wish to take me, here I am."

At this point our story ends. At this point the sister-in-law, who had entered Miss Inglesby's life, and changed its whole current and meaning, went out of it again, and left—for a brief space, at least—not a little of desolation behind her. Of course, Rose was too proud to show how deeply and sharply the blow had struck; but, despite her bravery, she suffered many a sharp pang, and knew many a dreary moment, before it even slightly healed. Can we wonder at this? The girl had not given her heart unasked, as some girls do, and therefore she had not incurred the legitimate penalty of folly. She had merely suffered it to be won; she had merely fallen into a snare which might have entrapped an older and wiser woman; and, instead of waking slowly, and with a sickening consciousness of "too late" to this knowledge, it was forced on her by one sharp stroke. It may be said that she had cause for gratitude in learning the truth so soon. No doubt she had, and no doubt she felt this before very long; but at first—well, suffering is apt to make even the wisest unreasonable, and it was not strange that at first she only felt the sore bitterness of affection wasted and trust betrayed. She was very young, however; and the young rally quickly from even the deepest blows. After a while, her parents took her abroad, and then Alice's

prophecy came true. While travelling they met Devereux, who—whether to solace his disappointment, or to improve his mind—had also left Northorpe. Rose thought that he improved on acquaintance very decidedly; and, when she returned to America, he accompanied her. The latest news from Northorpe leaves no doubt but that they will soon be married.

And Alice? Well—Alice is not unhappy. In the first place, she is married to a man whom she loves, and, in the second place, she is married to a man who loves her. These two facts would enable her to bear much, if she had much to bear, which, in truth, has not been the case. Men of Kennon's stamp do not reform suddenly; but there is at least reasonable ground for hoping that with him the worst is over, and that he will never fling himself quite as recklessly against public opinion in the future as in the past. Let what will come, however, his wife has girded up herself to bear it; and, if gentleness, and courage, and devotion, can save him, he may yet be saved. With all the troubles that have encompassed her, it is not probable that Mrs. Kennon has ever regretted her choice. From the first she realized how inadequate Rose's strength would have proved for the burden laid on her; how terrible on both sides would have been the marriage which her intervention alone prevented. Feeling this, she is recompensed; but it is doubtful whether Miss Inglesby ever has known, or ever will know, all that she owes to her sister-in-law.

THE END.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. SONDERLING'S WEDDING-CLOTHES, AND MR. BEESWING ON DINNERS.

WHEN the visitors assembled in the hall before dinner, there can be no doubt that the hero of the evening, so far as his attire went, was Mr. Sonderling. When he reached home, he had resolved, as you know, that he would wear those wedding-clothes which his mother had got ready for his marriage with Amicia more than ten years before, and which he had faithfully kept and dusted ever since. By a strange sort of infatuation, he thought they were still quite new, because he had never worn them. He forgot that clothes, like persons, grow old by keeping. They were out of fashion, too, as well as almost threadbare. The coat had no collar, very narrow sleeves, swallow-tails, and great lappets behind—where the pockets were, but ought not to be. In vain the faithful Gretchen, less stubborn than her master, told him that this "*Rock*" was not now the "*mode*."

"It was sewn for my wedding-coat by my sainted mother," said Mr. Sonderling, "and I will wear it."

When Gretchen again protested, he was angry, and would wear it—"ganz bestimmt."

"Now bring the breeches, the *Beinkleider*," he said; "let me see them."

"Ach! du Lieber!" said Gretchen, with a groan, as she handed down that article of dress which a certain edition of the Bible says was made originally out of fig-leaves.

"Of a truth, they are very handsome," said Mr. Sonderling, as he inspected that not very romantic part of man's attire.

"*Hübsch sind sie gewiss nicht*," said old Gretchen, who minded the stitching of them, diametrically contradicting the assertion of her master.

Mr. Sonderling's wedding-coat had been blue, and blue also were his *Beinkleider*; but they were very unlike the *Beinkleider* of the present time; they were loose and baggy, and plaited up at the waistband, and they were rather short at the foot.

"Quite out of fashion these, too," said old Gretchen, shaking her head; "and the vest! dear me!"

"They shall be the fashion to-night," said Mr. Sonderling, as he unfolded the waistcoat.

That, too, was a remarkable garment. In color it was yellow, and in cut antediluvian. Noah might have worn it when he went into the ark on that very rainy day, or Moses in the wilderness. It was straight cut, without a collar, very short in the waist, so that to call it a waistcoat was an absurdity. It had enormous pockets, high up—Frau Sonderling, his sainted mother, must have meant her son to carry all the capital of the tobacco fabric about him in his pockets—and the pockets had enormous flaps to protect them.

"This, too, is lovely," said Mr. Sonderling, as he laid it on his bed. "Now I shall soon be ready," he said; and then he set to work to dress himself. It was some time before he had completed his toilet to his satisfaction; but at last, in that strange garb, with a shirt the collar of which cut his ears, he started in the fly from the Carlton Arms, old Gretchen holding up her hands in amazement as he departed, and in due time reached the Hall, and presented himself to the astonished company.

"What a stunning get-up!" said Harry to Edward. "Just look at old Sonderling."

But Mr. Sonderling had no eyes for any but Amicia; and, though they had not long to wait for dinner, he had contrived to tell her that the clothes in which he stood were those in which he had once meant to lead her to the altar.

"What a pity it is that we all change so much!" said Amicia. "Even our clothes change. What, then, shall we say of our minds?"

"My mind is unchanged," said Mr. Sonderling. "As I was in the beginning, so I am now."

So they all went in to dinner, and how they sat is not exactly recorded. They were not very lively; and though Florry sat next to Harry, and Alice to Edward, there was very little except the most formal conversation between them. The black shadow of Edith Price—the dark young lady in the background—weighed upon the minds of the young ladies; and Harry and Edward passed the time in wondering how it was that their neighbors were both so cold.

The expense of the conversation, as the French say, fell upon Amicia and Mr. Bees-

wing. It is believed that Count Pantouffles said nothing at all. He was lost in amazement at Mr. Sonderling's attire, and looked at him through his eye-glass as though he were inspecting some strange animal.

Lord Pennyroyal talked a great deal to Lady Carlton, and so did Sir Thomas to Lady Pennyroyal; but, except the fact that the young ladies' visit to Ascot was finally settled between the four, nothing is known as to their conversation.

But as in a great race a good horse singles himself out and makes all the running, from start to finish, winning in a canter, so in this dinner the meed of praise must be awarded to Mr. Beeswing. Mr. Beeswing was not a glutton, but he was an epicure. He was a *gourmet* rather than a *gourmand*. He never overate himself, but he knew the reason of every dish, and he had mastered the whole natural history of the gastric juice. When Amicia asked him what he thought of some coming dish, he said he thought it very good, and then he burst out in a flood of culinary knowledge.

"I think," he said, "I might write a very amusing book, called 'The History of Digestion.' No one can possibly know what bad cooking is who was not at a private school thirty or forty years ago. What had we for breakfast? Bread and milk. Good bread and bad milk, with some thin bread and butter. We had it at seven, and after that we had nothing till one. Then we had dinner—pudding first and meat afterward. Rice-pudding with great lumps of fat in it, or suet-pudding all fat. Sometimes in the summer and autumn we had currant- and cherry-tarts, and apple-tarts, but these always came after the meat. The meat was not bad; but, as a fair woman who is ill-dressed is often ugly, so the best meat, if boiled to rags or served up raw, is disgusting to the palate even of a healthy boy. Sometimes, too, we had bubble-and-squeak. Oh, that dish! What is bubble-and-squeak? Some of you have only heard of it metaphorically, as applied to two distinguished brothers, late members of Parliament, thus nicknamed from their voices. But with us bubble-and-squeak was no metaphor; it was an awful reality. Still I have not told you what bubble-and-squeak is. Well, it is the remains of that badly-corned cow-beef cut into slices, and fried with greens or cabbage. I believe that it contains about five parts of nutriment to ninety-five of innutritious matter. All the good has been boiled and fried out of it; it tastes like leather and smells like cabbage; and a boy, if he has good teeth, no taste, and no sense of smell, may eat it for half an hour, and rise up taking nothing away with him except an indigestion."

"I should not like that bubble-and-squeak," said Count Pantouffles. "I should not like him at all."

"I hope I may never make his acquaintance," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Another dish," Mr. Beeswing proceeded, "was boiled mutton. That, too, is in itself not a bad thing. I say this to show that I am not dainty. I can eat any thing, so that I like it, and it be good. I well know there is a physiological objection to boiled mutton.

George III. was always eating it, and went—we know where. From a private I went to a public school," said Mr. Beeswing. "There the food was better, and the cookery much the same; we had the best meat in the world, worst cooked; but, trusting to a good digestion, I passed through this stage of my existence safely. But I had not yet done with English cookery. I went to Oxford. There the conspiracy against my constitution became very serious. It extended throughout the twenty-four colleges and halls which make up the university. In every kitchen there was a cook more or less plotting against my life and liver. In those halls there is neither soup nor fish, save for dons. For the rest, all over the university were these quarters of a hundred cooks continually at work in roasting and boiling thousands of pounds of meat daily, and making it as nearly unfit for food as possible. Fortunately, there is a heaven above us and a hell below us. To the last these unprofitable cooks must surely come. To the first it is no doubt due that there is a Providence which shapes cooks' cooking, in spite of all their careless handling, and so Oxford undergraduates—with the appetites and gastric juice of ostriches—escape unscathed for the most part. As for the weakly, they are plucked at some time of their career by the refusal of their stomachs to do any more work, and they retire to their maternal parent's abode only to fall under the tender mercies of a good, plain cook—a fiend of whom we shall have to speak at large hereafter."

At this period of Mr. Beeswing's disquisition, Mrs. Marjoram pricked up her ears and declared to Colonel Barker, that "it was all very well to abuse plain cooks, but we could not get on without them."

"Behold me, then," continued Mr. Beeswing, "hardened by constant encounters with the enemy, able to eat and digest any thing, and a bachelor of arts. Here something befell me which opened my eyes wide, and showed me the brink of the awful precipice on which I stood. Life is short; I was twenty years old, and did not yet know what good cooking was. I look back on my position with horror. Had I been cut off then, had I perished in my ignorance—I cannot call it innocence—what would have become of me? Would the teeth of my grinning skull have ever known that there was a use for them beyond grinding tough beefsteaks, that the destiny of dentition is quite other than that of the nether millstone? Something happened to me, I say. I went abroad; I wandered about to see the world and its cookery. At first through Germany, the land of *Sauerkraut* and *Dampfnudeln*, of *Kalbsbraten* and *Pfannkuchen*. Here I lost my English *Wasserküche*, and fell into a region of greasy soups, and vegetables swimming in butter. I swallowed so much adipose matter, that I became as water-proof as a pair of Wapping fishing-boats, and ate veal enough to deprive the world of countless oxen."

When Mr. Beeswing spoke of *Dampfnudeln* and *Kalbsbraten* the eyes of Mr. Sonderling glistened, and he said in German, "*Dort hin möchte ich so gern gehen.*" But Mr. Beeswing went on:

"Still I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. The pit of my stomach was still an aching void. It had not fulfilled its destiny; its day was still to come. On I went across the Baltic to Sweden, seeking comfort and finding none, till I went to stay in the house of a friend who had a good French cook. When I say 'good,' I do not mean 'virtuous.' That excellent *artiste* was as virtuous as most Frenchmen, and there his virtue ended; but he was, *par excellence*, a good cook. He was a born genius, and he had been waiting for me, and until I came his worth was unknown. As a rigid Calvinist, I believe that we had been predestinated to meet, that there was no free-will in the matter. He could cook any thing and every thing, from a potato up to an elk, or even an elephant, and whatever he put his hand to was excellent. Some people fancy cooks to be lazy and indolent. They are no such thing. Your real good cook should be of an enterprising mind. On occasion he should be ready to do all and dare all. He should be of the spirit to march to Moscow, or to conquer India bravely, all for the glory of a new-made dish. In competition with an old German nurse in the family he even condescended to make black-puddings, and he beat her."

"If I could only have one of those black-puddings now I should be so happy!" said Mr. Sonderling. But this ejaculation was lost on Mr. Beeswing, who went on:

"I was not destined to spend all my life in that land of Cognac. I longed, after a time, for my own country, and came back to England. In spite of her water-cookery and good, plain cooks, I loved her still. There I did not take what may be called the second of the two great steps a man makes in life. The first is being born. But if birth is the first great step out of the warm past into this cold and comfortless world, marriage is the second, and that most of us believe is involuntary. I think very often a man has very little will or voice in the matter; but I am not going to discuss the matter, I have no time; some day I may write a book on it, till then the question must sleep. At present I am only concerned with the seriousness of marriage, which some people fancy is as sweet as sugar-candy. So I say, too; but then it is twice as sticky: you can't wash marriage out of your mouth with a cup of hot water; you must swallow it, or it will choke you. But, again, I am not going to discuss the seriousness of marriage on the side of its durability. It may be very well, as some propose, that marriages should be like leases, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at either party's option. If men were wise they would jump at such an arrangement, which would be all on their side—like so many other arrangements in this men-ridden world; but I say at once, I will not listen to such a proposal. That is not the serious side of marriage which I am about to consider. What decided me not to marry was quite another thing. It is that, if you marry, you must have a cook. I suppose that you are not as a Frenchman who drags his wife out in the cold every night to eat her dinner, even though she have the rheumatism. If you marry, then, you must have a cook. Think of that '*Respecte Coq-*



nam.' Consider the kitchen, wedded man, and tremble! You can dine at the club? Even if you do, will you escape the cook? Know this—Death, the Tax-gatherer, and the Cook, are the three things no man can shirk. And, after all, what is a club cook?—always excepting Francatelli, and he is no longer a club cook—nothing more than a domestic cook magnified, with all the faults of the family animal. Besides, what are you to do when you have a cold, or the gout, or when you fall down-stairs and break your leg? No; take my advice: if you marry, dine at home like a man, and have a cook. Some people talk as if children were the curse of life; they 'idly fable,' like the Pelagians; cooks are the curse of life. If they are good at cooking, they are bad at every thing else—drunkards, gadabouts, backbiters, clam-drinkers, and such like. Well, but you will have a virtuous cook. All I can say is, then you will never have a morsel fit to eat. Nothing is more true than that morality covers, in cooking, a multitude of sins. I know many families who have virtuous moral cooks, worthy creatures, who are thoroughly trustworthy, but I make it a point never to dine with them. I would prefer to dine in a house where there is a wicked cook, or possibly wicked cook, who can send up a good dinner. Just think, for a moment—how can you expect to combine two most impossible things, virtue and cooking? If you know a virtuous person, cleave to her with all your heart and soul; and, if you know a good cook, cling to her with all your gastric juice; but do not expect to find both combined in one and the same woman."

Again Mrs. Marjoram protested to Colonel Barker that she knew many good, plain cooks who were very virtuous, but Mr. Beeswing continued, unmoved:

"Here, too, arises another curious question: which is rarest in cooks, virtue or cookery? Without doubt, cookery; and that is the reason why mistresses, finding they cannot get good cooking, fall back on a good character. 'My dear, this soup is water, the ox-tail in it is like a rope's end, and the carrots and turnips swim about in it unboiled.' It cannot have been on the fire five minutes.' 'Very true; but it is not unwholesome to you who can digest it; and then Mrs. Rawdome is such a good, trustworthy woman—in fact, she is a real treasure.'"

"I suppose," said Amicia, "married men who have bad cooks often dine out."

"Of course," said Mr. Beeswing, "they are great diners-out; all men with bad cooks are. If you see or hear of a man who will not dine out, don't be deceived by any tales of his domestic habits. It is not the bosom of his family that he cares for, but his own digestion. He may talk of his babes and sucklings, but it is really his beeves and fatlings that he thinks of. Be sure, too, that he has a good cook. Why should he dine out? Why go three miles in town, and it may be ten in the country, to seek for something which he has at his elbow? I say, to seek; for he is not likely to find, at the end of his three or ten miles, the end of his ambition—a well-dressed dinner. But, as I have said, I am not married, and I dine out. Day after day I seek after a vain shadow. Friend after friend asks

me, and I go. I dine anywhere, and with any one. Alas, how seldom is my reasonable self-love satisfied! I know them all—Tyburnians, Belgravians, Paddingtonians, the dwellers in Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares, and the parts of Mayfair about Piccadilly. Even to Fitzroy and Finsbury Squares have I penetrated; and once, allured by the bait of a banquet, I went down beyond the great and perilous desert of Baker Street, and dined at the foot of Primrose Hill. Jews, Greeks, Turks, Infidels, Frenchmen, Germans—I have tasted the food served up to all the nationalities in this Babel, and found them almost all wanting in that first essential, a good cook. Were those women all virtuous? I trow not. Some of them must have had a few sparks of that divine fire which raised Prometheus, whom I claim as the first cook, to the rank of a demi-god. Why, then, have I not found it? Because, in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, these hosts of mine had no business to try to give the dinners which they set before the guests. That is the true reason, and the fault is more with the masters and mistresses than with the cooks. In fact, the bad-dinner-giving world is divided between those who can afford, and won't give a good dinner, and those who will try to give a good dinner, and can't."

At this point of Mr. Beeswing's "History of Digestion," Lady Carlton began to gather up her gloves.

"Dear me," said Amicia; "are we ladies going? You must promise to come and finish it, dear Mr. Beeswing, as soon as you men rejoin us."

So the ladies went; and claret came and went, and coffee came, and then the men betook themselves to the drawing-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COUNT DE GASPARIN ON FRANCE.

### HER SINS—HER PERILS—HER FUTURE.

THE name of the Count AENOR DE GASPARIN is familiar to most intelligent Americans as that of a man who, in the earlier days of the late terrible struggle for national unity on this side of the water, advocated warmly and eloquently the cause of the North. This he did when the current of popular feeling ran strongly the other way in France, and it required firm convictions, as well as much moral courage, to support so unpopular a side.

The book he then wrote, published under the title of "The Uprising of a Great People," was an eloquent vindication of the Northern people and policy, and an encouragement for them to proceed on the path they had taken, with a confident prediction of their ultimate triumph.

This publication made a great sensation at the time; it was translated into English, and universally read, both in England and America.

The same author has just issued from the press of Michel Levy, of Paris, another work, giving his appreciation of the late struggle and present prospects of France, under the

title of "France: Our Faults, Our Perils, Our Future," which must likewise attract much attention and provoke much comment, so outspoken is the Count de Gasparin both as to men and measures, and so very positive in the expression of his views and opinions.

One of the most curious as well as characteristic portions of the book is its preface, which he heads "Personal Explanations," and in which he "defines his position," with great candor, from his own point of view. It opens thus:

"Twice in my life I have been taken for a fool. The first time was when I wrote my book, at the commencement of the Southern rebellion, 'The Uprising of a Great People,' when the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, after accepting my work, doubtless considered the moment of the ruin of the United States an inappropriate time to celebrate their 'uprising,' and obliged me to publish my manuscript in the shape of a volume.

"The second occasion was when, immediately after our declaration of war, I wrote to the *Journal des Débats* to denounce this criminal folly.

"In this case the editor, doubtless thinking I had lost my senses, compelled me to print my letter in the shape of a *brochure*, in the Rue Vivienne. I am accustomed to seeing myself solitary and denounced.

"Under the monarchy of July, which I loved, I lost my parliamentary career by denouncing corruptions.

"Under the empire, which I never loved, I denounced the defiance launched at Germany.

"At the time of the Mexican expedition, when the attempt was made to produce a rupture with the United States, to combat this evil policy I wrote my work, 'America before Europe,' and since that day have been regarded by certain people as a bad French patriot, in consequence of my love for America.

"At the risk, also, of wounding American susceptibilities, I published my *brochure* on the Trent case. Yet, in spite of their irritation, my American friends received my utterances as they were intended, that is, as proofs of my lively sympathy.

"Yet I do not complain that I have had to suffer a little for the truth. It is an honor and a privilege. Nor can I deny the attraction which is exerted on my spirit by a cause abandoned by all, isolated, betrayed, nor the homage which I can render to a lost cause."

Viewed under the light of these personal peculiarities, and taking into consideration the high character, the talents, and the opportunities of the writer, this frank appreciation of the situation in France cannot be without its value to those who sincerely desire to comprehend present and future possibilities.

The introduction of the work consists of an "Essay on Patriotism," divided into nine chapters, and occupying seventy-seven pages, which, although having an indirect bearing on the rest of the book, are not necessary to the understanding of the chief points of practical interest to us on this side of the water, and which we shall, therefore, pass by without comment.

At this point commences the first part, which, under the general caption of "An Inquiry into the War of 1870," grapples with the main question of the true origin of the war.

This he imputes to France, not only through her declaration of war just before the conflict began, but by her evil example, which was imitated by Prussia, and improved upon by Bismarck; and chiefly through the lust for territory inspired by the spoliation of Nice and Savoy, which was simply copied by Prussia in the spoliation of Denmark.

It is evidently the idea of our author that the pupil has proved superior to the teacher, and that the misfortunes of France have sprung from the contagion of her evil example.

"We cannot deny," he says, "that in the history of France is to be found everywhere the traces of the military spirit—the spirit of conquest and of armed invasion, the spirit of valinglory and of war."

Then, turning suddenly and savagely on the man who has ever made the pen, not the sword, his weapon, and who now wields the power, if not the sceptre, wrested from the Napoleons through popular acclamation, Count de Gasparin charges President Thiers with having pampered this national trait by his famous histories, and seeks to hold him responsible for the consequences of the war.

This passage is so characteristic that we translate it entire:

"M. Thiers, in his books and in his discourses, has faithfully represented this side of our character. He, more than any other, contributed to the explosion of this war which he had one day to combat. He it was who inspired us with faith in the worship of the Napoleonic legend, and who exalted the military grandeur of France. He it was who ever demanded a strong army and a strong marine. He it was who transformed Sadowa into French defeat. It was he who, amid the applause of the Chamber of Deputies, announced the German unity to be a national enemy; and opposed, with all his power, Italian unity as well. He it was who inspired throughout France those jealousies against Prussia, so skilfully used (by the emperor) in the month of July. Finally, it was he who revived and popularized (in despite of M. Favre) the old theories of the equilibrium, and the necessity of France's maintaining herself through the weakness and division of her neighbors. All of this produced its effects, not only within but without.

"M. de Bismarck had not yet been invented when this fever, with new and violent accessions, took possession again of our people."

This is a very serious accusation against the present president of the republic, and as forcible as it is just. For, unfortunately, there is truth in the accusation, as well as eloquent invective. What Béranger did for the First Empire in poetry to popularize its hero, and the Napoleon traditions on which the Second Empire and emperor based their firmest foundations, that same service did Thiers the historian do in his matchless prose. The poet never chanted more loudly the glories of the empire, than did the then historian who now holds his insecure seat on

the crumbling fragments of the Second Empire.

It seems a strange retribution that the reputation of the statesman should be put in jeopardy by the renown of the historian, whose writings are too able and eloquent to secure forgetfulness or oblivion. The only shadow upon his present glory is projected from his past renown.

As our author truly observes, to search for the true cause of the war, one must leave aside entirely all spoken or documentary proofs, and stick to facts; for never did the old maxim that "language was given us to conceal our thoughts," find a more frightful application than at the outset of this conflict of 1870.

This remark is applicable to both the high protesting powers. The "father of lies" must have gloated over the diplomatic correspondence, and the endless equivocations, and mystifications, and counter-contradictions, which characterized it, and the questions of disputed veracity between prime-ministers and ambassadors, which will remain unsettled forever.

"To sum up," says M. de Gasparin, "there was trickery on both sides; but war was declared by one alone, and that side was ours, it pains me to say, which has drenched Europe with blood."

It has been seen how our friend feels toward M. Thiers. It is equally curious to note his appreciation of another equally eminent person, M. de Bismarck.

Under the caption of "A Question of Taste," he thus discusses the German statesman.

"It cannot be denied that M. de Bismarck was our tempter. But for him we never should have coveted any foreign province nor personal governments. Individually, I have little admiration for M. de Bismarck, this rabid ultra, this minister so perfectly indifferent to his choice of means, this statesman who has uttered (as they say) this frightful sentiment, 'Might makes right' (*'La force prime le droit'*), this diplomatist with whom the end ever justifies the means.

"I blame him for having made an unjust war against Denmark. I blame him for having encouraged our ideas of compensation. I blame him (the word is not strong enough) for having expressed (perhaps through levity) unworthy sentiments concerning Holland.

"M. de Bismarck is a great minister, it must be admitted. We have had ministers playing the part of commercial travellers or small intriguers.

"Bismarck and Cavour belong to another species; they pursue a natural policy, and aim at the unity of a great country, each of them. Cavour was ever more Italian than Piedmontese, and Bismarck more German than Prussian. But Bismarck was Cavour's superior in this, that he accomplished his work through his own resources, and without accepting the patronage of the stranger. A man of a single idea, that idea governed him and took possession of him. Its realization appeared to him such a necessity that, more than once, he sacrificed to it his sense of moral right.

"But, when he had made up his mind to

discard scruples, he did it audaciously, openly, and in the face of the world."

This is not an unfair picture of the great German statesman—whose success has astonished even himself—although it is drawn by the pencil of an enemy, who looks for the darker rather than the brighter tints of the character of France's greatest foe.

"If we cannot make M. de Bismarck an angel, let us not make him a demon. . . . Whatever his perversities may be, one fact is evident: we demanded a prey, which was refused us, and which we went to take possession of by force. That there may have been a Mephistopheles behind, is very possible; but it is more than doubtful if our government can boast the innocence of Marguerite."

The author claims that the real wish of the French people was for peace, but that "the empire was war," instead of peace, as proclaimed by the third Napoleon; and he lays the responsibility of the war on the government, and on the city of Paris acting in accord. For, as he says, when the government and Paris found themselves in opposition, many follies were avoided; but, when the two were in accord, they constituted an irresistible power, and smothered every dissenting voice. He states, as a curious fact, that, of all the population of Paris, the regular soldiers, who were but peasants in uniform, were inspired by the least military ardor; the civilians went mad after military glory.

"But, if the empire declared the war, France adopted it; and the Germans, not we, overturned the empire. It is wholesome for us to remember this fact, which our national vanity wishes to forget as soon as possible."

On another point, he is equally frank—viz., the attitude of the French republicans before the war:

"Our pretension that Germany should terminate the war after Sedan and our declaration of a republic was founded on the assertion that the republican party had disavowed and denounced the war. . . . If I mistake not, the very men who violated the rights of the Corps Législatif by their proclamation of the republic were the identical individuals who echoed the war-chants of the imperial managers.

"The republic, therefore, could not be accepted as a guarantee of peace; and this the Germans knew better than ourselves."

He also denies the correctness of the assertion, so commonly believed, that King William had ever declared he made war only against the government, not the country. The continuation of the war he charges on the new government, which, instead of accepting the consequences of disaster and defeat, uttered as its cry, "*Ni un pouce, ni une pierre!*"—"We will not cede an inch of ground, nor a stone of our fortresses!" The results of this madness the world has seen. He parallels the case of France with that of the books of the Sibyl.

Of King William he speaks well, denying him transcendent talents or remarkable generosity, but recognizing in him "those traits which constitute the honest man, the good father of the family, fearing God, and the

sovereign comprehending his responsibilities." He also praises him for his humanity in war, and his moderation after victory.

He contends that the German people went into the war unwillingly and seriously, without enthusiasm, but with grim determination. He denies that the term of "Northern barbarians," applied to them, was just, or that they evinced unnecessary rigor or cruelty, as a general rule, in their conduct of the war on French soil, and significantly adds: "Could the Commune but have achieved its work in Paris, we should have had good cause to regret these Northern barbarians."

M. de Gasparin makes a curious complaint for a Frenchman, viz., that foreign nations, by violating neutrality to aid France with arms and men, did injury by protracting a hopeless war.

*A propos* to the United States, he says:

"The United States, which had had so much cause to complain of England, I regret to say, observed the duties of neutrals no better than she had. She sent us large supplies of arms, not to mention volunteers, who came in battalions, under the starry flag; and neither consuls nor president protested against such acts, nor enforced the laws to prevent them."

This is rather a hard hit coming from such a quarter, and from a friend, too, who usually can see nothing to condemn in our model republic.

"For these reinforcements," he adds, "only continued our illusions, and added nothing to our defence."

A strong pietistic vein runs through the book, and many chapters are devoted to speculations of a religious rather than of a political nature. Thus he has several chapters on the connection between religion and war; another on the judgments of God—regarding the "crushing peace," as he terms it, as direct judgment, yet warning Germany that perhaps she may regret hereafter that she had not given a less skilful and more Christian conclusion to it; yet he admits that rather by moral superiority than by force of arms Germany was victor.

The second part of the book treats of the second phase of the war—the revolutionary—and lashes with no light hand the follies and the faults of the French people. Indeed, the picture he paints of the moral and social condition of France is less flattering than any which a native artist ever made before. Cato the Censor never was more unsparing or sterner in his judgments than this modern Frenchman, in dilating on the shortcomings, the ignorance, and the vices of his fellow-countrymen.

"You desire," he says, "an account of the work of death which the revolutionary and socialist party was able to effect at Paris. Its only strength was in our weakness. Without our incredulity, materialism, servile spirit, but for our want of great men and the general demoralization, the revolutionary party would not have been dangerous. But under these conditions it became so in the highest degree. . . . It rendered us incapable of liberty, by making the very name odious, and from the despotism of the higher class it delivered us only for a time, to

crush us under the despotism of the lowest. It abolished every thing, and even religion, for such is the first dogma of socialism."

In dwelling on the internal arts which paralyzed France, our author displays the scorn and the wrath of a Jeremiah denouncing the sins of ancient Israel.

He attributes the decadence and downfall of France to the disorganization of society and the unfitness of her people for freedom. For much of this he reproaches the empire; but the question may be asked, whether it were the cause or the effect of the condition of things he deploras.

He thus grimly depicts Parisian life:

"All intellectual movement has been arrested. If you ask at our libraries what class of books is most in demand, they will tell you what base and ignoble ones are sought for by the majority of readers. It is enough to run the eye over the *feuilletons* of the most popular journals to be satisfied of this. What are our grand theatrical successes? The 'Belle Hélène' and 'Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein'!"

"One can see the crowds that throng the *cafés chantants*."

"Education, as conducted in colleges and schools, committed to incompetent hands, deprived of the vivifying breath of liberty, grovels miserably. And all the while a mere animal luxury spreads itself out to the sunshine. It is indeed the age of the *Benoîtins*! Take this Bois de Boulogne, which has been partially cut down. Has it not witnessed a shameless parade of all the vices—a display for which one might vainly seek in other lands?"

"But that which strikes the stranger most at first view of us is our bad taste and our bad style. What have we done with French taste and French elegance? For them we have substituted the manners of the corporal with the men, and with the women outrageous toilets, more ugly than rich, abominable manners, and improper conversation. One little incident will show how far we have fallen. During the siege of Paris, the defenders danced indecent dances outside of the fortifications, in full view of the German army; and the day succeeding the evacuation of Paris the theatre-bills announced the reproduction of 'Frou-Frou.'"

"*Chut!* Respect the illusions of France! Her children neither wish to see what she really is, nor to listen to disagreeable truths. They wish to hear the eternal repetition of her grandeur and glory, and that she represents all valor and all progress."

"To speak as I do is to insult France? I! God knows my love is shown in my sincerity! I aspire to see her free, simple, modest, great, peaceful, and, what is more, respected. I aspire to see her delivered from these perpetual revolutions which never bring liberty. I aspire to see all classes enlightened, and with sound morals and manners. And my strongest aspiration for her is to see her turn toward God."

This is eloquent denunciation. Whether it be just and true, the writer's own countrymen can judge better than we. It seems to us to have a strong spice of exaggeration, and to be a trifle morbid. But he also throws

some light into his picture, to relieve the darker shades:

"There still remain some brilliant qualities in the national character of France, and these cannot be disputed."

"There are heroic valor, great dash of national character, a great literature, the spirit for generalizing, genius in administration, in legislation, and in logic. No nation ever had such a code of laws, or the capacity of making one. Add to these an admirable clearness and conciseness of expression. It has been justly said, 'In France only they know how to make a book.' Add, also, good sense, which is the basis of truth. Neither forget the arts, nor poetry, nor yet the great, valiant men—the old Huguenots, Jansenists, and Protestants of the Revocation, '89, Lafayette and his friends. Should these national characteristics be effaced, or France herself blot them out, she would make an irreparable void in civilization."

The citations we have made come under the general head of "Our Disease," to which he devotes ninety pages.

The other symptoms of which he treats are defects in family training, and the growing degeneracy in manners before and since the empire, the passion for glory, the indifference to truth, boasting, popular vanity, and ignorance, and what he terms "the Latin malady of unity." He also devotes a chapter to the worship of success, which is applicable to other countries than France.

Of course, no Frenchman could write a book without apostrophizing Paris; and, accordingly, there is a chapter on that text, which praises and abuses that charming and improper city in about equal proportions:

"Paris! Paris is the hearthstone of our corruptions; Paris is the capital of the pagan world. For the chief charm of Paris, to those who adore her, consists precisely in this, that they find in her that careless serenity which the pagan Greeks professed, and in the practice of which they excelled. Just as much as the pagan predominates in each of us, just so much do we relish and recognize the supremacy of Paris. . . . Seek enjoyment, throw aside all anxieties, dismiss all that is grave or perplexing, make your life so sweet and trifling that you never think of the life to come—there is your secret for enjoying Paris."

"From pagan Paris come the fashions which make the tour of the world, and revolution which ever runs its circle in France, and, when it may, through Europe."

"Paris, between its immoral evening romance and mocking morning journal—Paris, city of the League and of the Terror, of the 3d September, and innumerable revolts—Paris, fresh and gay, barricades herself; Paris shoots, and massacres. Never mind! Paris preserves her royalty; Paris preserves her attractions. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

The third part treats of the future of France, but deals very generally and very vaguely with the practical questions connected therewith, being chiefly speculative.

About one hundred pages are devoted to an attack on the Catholic Church, which he charges as the cause of the want of true faith and religion in the French people. He loudly



declares that the French Christians have neither comprehended nor performed their duty. He insists that there is an immense work open to them, which they must perform—that they must be active in preparing for peace, and must not await events with folded arms and eyes fixed on heaven.

In his "Programme of Relief," he opens with this striking utterance:

"Liberty before every thing!

"I will not indulge in illusions. The cause of liberty really has small chances with us; neither the spirit of liberty nor the spirit of peace finds much favor here. The name of liberty—yes! its practice—no! Such is the general formula. Of liberty in theory and phrases, just as much as you will; but, the moment this liberty is applied to practical facts—the moment when, with its rough and faithful hand, it touches the sores of our body politic, or speaks, or wears us, or scandalizes us, or forces us to give the true motives for our acts—that day liberty is doomed.

"Yet, who knows if the real spirit of liberty will not, some day, awaken in our people? The friends of liberty and peace must not lose courage, for duty cannot be regulated by success."

But, in his definition of true liberty, he protests against the despotism of majorities, which is the greatest evil which republics and democracies ever have to contend against. Reviewing the efforts made during her several revolutions by France to establish equality before the law, and commenting on the famous "Rights of Man," he says:

"The infallibility of the people has been proclaimed by themselves, even as the pope has proclaimed his own.

"Two methods equally serve to suppress liberty, to stifle morals and silence conscience, and to bow down all foreheads before accomplished facts—numbers and force.

"Danton, urged to resist the massacres of September, replied: 'The voice of the people is the voice of God!' When the 31st May arrived, Hérault de Séchelles cried, in his turn: 'The people are always right!'

"The people is good, and the will of the people is truth, is justice!" Such was the doctrine of Robespierre; and from it sprang the social contract and the national sovereignty. But of true liberty, and of truth, there was no further inquiry.

"It is impossible for me to express how revolting are the prostration of spirit, the sheepishness, the silence, the prostration before popular passion or prejudice, the submission to the orders of the government of the hour, whatsoever it may be, the weaknesses and the crimes, which the events of 1870 have demonstrated on the part of our people. . . .

"Liberty requires far other things than these. It requires—and this we should ever recall and remember—above all things, men and conscience."

He warmly urges the separation of Church from State, and is very bitter against the Catholic Church and the priesthood, seemingly his favorite aversions next to Thiers and the revolutionary "Reds," who (in common with most sensible and enlightened Frenchmen) he holds in contempt and loathing. He is also

a sworn enemy to "passivism," or "quietism," as he terms it, and which he thus illustrates:

"Let the will of God be done; and let us not interfere. Let us leave Him to act, and await the results, without effort on our part.

"What would you say of an agriculturist, a captain of a vessel, a lawyer, or a priest, who carried out this doctrine?"

He scornfully denominates these "quietists" as the "citizens of heaven," not of earth (*bourgeois des cieux*); and reminds them that, if they are "citizens of heaven," they are also citizens on earth, and that a man ought to be a better rather than a worse citizen for being a good Christian.

Among the methods for reconstructing France he proposes a better system of education than that now in vogue, which he complains does not meet the requisition of public instruction. The other articles of his programme are decentralization, free trade, no more conquests or annexation, a general disarmament, and the substitution of arbitration for war.

In his treatment of all these topics there is some vigorous and much eloquent writing; but it is easy to see that the writer is more a man of the closet than a combatant in the warfare of life—more of a theorist than a practical legislator. Like Acastes, in the "Æneid," he fires his arrows in the air, not at a target, and therefore cannot affect actual legislation. But his sincere, outspoken, and thoughtful utterances of truths, which few would have the manliness to enunciate at the risk of wounding the jealous sensibilities of a people above all others vainglorious and thin-skinned, merits, and must receive, the commendation due to courage and conviction.

The seeds which he has strewed may not immediately bring forth trees and fruit, yet they will sink deep into the hearts and minds of thinkers and patriots, and germinate in good time. France cannot long continue in the chaotic condition in which she is at present; the hour is at hand when, reconstructed and disenthralled, redeemed, and regenerated, France will have time seriously to reflect on the grave moral and social questions discussed in this book, and will seek to live a new life very different from the old. And then shall the name of the Count de Gasparin be worthily recognized as that of one who, in the darkest days of her trial and trouble, never despaired of her regeneration, and who, scorning to fawn or to flatter, yet mourning over her sins, which had reaped so heavy a retribution, spoke wise and warning words, and gave honest counsel to his countrymen.

## LONGING.

IN the wide valley open to the sun,  
Where the slow river flows on toward  
the south

Between the grain-fields, whose low fences  
run

As far as eye can reach, ne'er ending, ne'er be-  
gun,

The longing people pause amid the burning  
drouth,

And, gazing over the hot fields with dreaming  
eyes,

They seem to see a distant rocky island rise  
From out the furrows; and a cry bursts  
forth—

A cry of weary longing for the North:

"Oh, for the cedars that grow on the northern  
island,

Oh, for the larches that toss in the northern  
breeze,

Oh, for the path beneath the dark aisles of the  
spruces,

The dancing foam-crested waves of the fresh-  
water seas!

Oh, for a sight of the clambering mountain  
blue-bell,

The wash of the sounding surf on the pebbly  
shore,

The spicy smell of the blue-green juniper-  
berry,

The storm-beaten peaks of the gray cliffs tower-  
ing o'er

Cool-shaded nooks, afar from this heat and  
glare—

Would I were there, would I were there!"

On the far island at the great lake's head,  
Where the short summer scarcely warms the

air,

Or turns the early cherry to its red,  
Before quick-coming autumn nips the forest

dead,

The silent people in their stony furrows bare  
Pause in their task, as though their weary,

care-worn eyes

Saw, from the waves, a distant sunny valley  
rise,

And, dreaming, gaze until, from hard-set  
mouth,

Bursts forth a cry of longing for the south:

"Oh, for the deep lush grass of the green mill-  
race meadow,

Oh, for the broad fields golden with fast-grow-  
grain,

Oh, for the pulse of the earth in ripening  
weather,

The glowing heat of the sun on the dead level  
plain!

Oh, for a sight of the full-bosomed water-lily  
Basking at ease as the slow river onward flows,

The sound of the myriad-gilded summer in-  
sects,

The scent of the heliotrope and the sweet tube-  
rose!

O land of the South, fruitful, blossoming,  
fair—

Would I were there, would I were there!"

CONSTANCE FESTIMORE WOOLSON.

## CHANTILLY AND ITS OWNERS.

THE Duke d'Aumale (younger son of Louis Philippe) has returned to reside at his famous castle of Chantilly.

Once more its forests are to reëcho horn and hound, for the duke, who is devoted to the chase, has sent over to his seat in Worcestershire, England, for his pack, and intends forthwith to resume the sport for which Chantilly has oftentimes been specially famous.

The history of this celebrated estate abounds with vicissitude and interest.

Chantilly originally belonged to the Duke de Montmorency—beheaded by order of Richelieu, in 1632—when his domains were granted to the king's cousin, Henry III.,

Prince of Condé, who rivalled John, Duke of Marlborough, in point of greed.

This prince's fourth son (the elder son died young) became celebrated in history as "the Great Condé." He was born in 1621, and with him the history of Chantilly is closely associated.

In 1672 he was honored by a visit there from Louis XIV., and received him with great magnificence, but the joyfulness of the occasion was marred by a sad event, the death of the prince's celebrated cook, Vatel.

Here is Madame de Sévigné's account thereof:

"The king arrived at Chantilly on Thursday evening. Every thing went off perfectly. They supped: there were several tables at which the roast was wanting, in consequence of more food being required than was expected.

"This had a great effect upon Vatel. He exclaimed several times, 'My honor is gone! Here is a misfortune which I cannot bear!' He said to Gourville, 'My head swims; for twelve nights I have not slept; pray assist me in giving the orders!'

"Gourville consoled him as well as he could.

"The roast which had been wanting, not at the king's table, but at the twenty-fifth, was always recurring to his thoughts.

"Gourville informed M. le Prince of his state of mind.

"M. le Prince went to Vatel's own chamber, and said to him:

"Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could be finer than the king's supper."

"Monseigneur," replied he, "your kindness overpowers me. I know that the roast was wanting at two of the tables."

"Not at all," said the prince; "all is going on perfectly well; do not distress yourself."

"Midnight comes.

"The fireworks did not succeed; they are covered by a cloud. They cost three thousand five hundred dollars.

"At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel goes about everywhere; he finds every one asleep; he meets a little boy bringing two loads of sea-fish; he inquires of him:

"Is this all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other. Not knowing that Vatel had sent to all the seaport towns.

"Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors do not come; he becomes wildly excited; he thinks there will be no further supply; he finds Gourville, and says to him:

"Sir, I shall never survive this mishap."

"Gourville laughs at him.

"Vatel goes up to his room, places his sword against the door, and runs it through his heart; but it was only at the third stroke—for he gave himself two that were not mortal—that he falls to the ground dead.

"The sea-fish, however, arrives from all sides; Vatel is wanted to distribute it; they go to his room; they knock; they break open the door; they find him bathed in his own blood; they rush to the prince, who is in despair. . . .

"He mentions it mournfully to the king; they say that it is to be attributed to a too high sense of honor, according to his views; they applaud his character."

The Great Condé's greatest pleasure in his declining years was to embellish Chantilly.

"Not long ago," says Lord Stanhope, "I could still find scope to admire the wild recesses of that unpruned forest, those limpid and gushing streams, those light-green Ar-bèle poplars, which have taken root amid the ruins of the *Grand Chateau*, and which now surround it with their quivering shade; those mossy paths, and those hawthorn-bowers; that *Petit Chateau* yet standing, and filled with *souvenirs* of Condé; those gardens restored with care, where the most brilliant flowers are once more shedding their fragrance."

The Duke d'Enghien, son of the great Condé, had the most exquisite taste for ornamenting Chantilly, and contributed much toward its beauty, both during the life and after the death of his father.

Chantilly subsequently passed, in regular line of succession, to Louis Henri Joseph, Duke of Bourbon and Prince de Condé, who, after taking an active part on the royal side in the war of the first revolution, retired to England, where not long afterward the sad tidings reached him of the death of his unhappy son, the Duke d'Enghien, so ruthlessly put to death by Napoleon.

After Napoleon's second abdication, the Duke de Bourbon returned to France.

The palace built by the Great Condé at Chantilly having been wrecked in the Revolution, and its contents removed to Paris and sold, the prince commenced the work of restoration.

The ruins of the grand palace were concealed from view by plantations, the smaller palace was repaired, and great improvements made, so that the place as it now exists, with the magnificent gardens, grounds, and sheets of water which surround it, still constitute a domain worthy of the admiration of foreigners.

Here the duke took up his abode, devoting himself almost exclusively to the chase, and maintaining a hunting establishment on a magnificent scale, in stables which have stalls for one hundred and eighty horses.

On the 27th of August, 1830, the announcement was made that this ill-fated father of an ill-fated son, had been found dead, suspended by his handkerchief to the frame of a window, in his castle of St. Leu.

At first there was suspicion of foul play, but the opinion subsequently gained ground that the duke, who was greatly troubled by the Revolution of 1830, which drove the house of Bourbon from the throne in favor of the house of Orleans, had committed suicide.

Such was the melancholy end of the last of the Condés.

By his will he left his Chantilly estates to the Duke d'Aumale, third son of King Louis Philippe, with the condition that his (the Duke d'Aumale's) second son was to take the title of Prince de Condé.

The rest of his property, amounting in all to three million dollars, he bequeathed to an Englishwoman, Baroness de Feuchères, who was living with him at the time of his death.

During the Second Empire, Chantilly has nominally belonged to Messrs. Coutts, the eminent London banking-firm, of which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is head.

Acting under instructions from the Duke d'Aumale, they bought it in at the time when all the Orleans property was ordered to be sold.

For many years past the duke has occupied himself with farming, and the other pursuits of a country gentleman, on his beautiful property in Worcestershire.

He also possesses a very fine mansion, Orleans House, Twickenham, close to Horace Walpole's former abode, Strawberry Hill.

A close friendship subsists between the family at Orleans House and Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, daughter of the eminent vocalist Braham, to whom Strawberry Hill has descended.

At both of these residences, whose grounds slope to the Thames, delightful *fêtes* have often been given in the London season.

The Duchess d'Aumale died about two years ago.

The family has, while in England, won the respect and regard of all with whom its members have been brought into communication.

R. LEWIS.

## LOVE ENTANGLED.

THEY were loitering along  
'Neath a roof of evergreen,  
Dropping now and then a word,  
With long pauses set between.

"Here are violets!" and she stooped  
For the little purple flower;  
"Oh, how many! I could pluck  
Both my hands full in an hour!"

He held out his hand for one,  
Only asking with his eyes,  
And she flushed to find her own  
All too ready with replies.

So she lightly turned aside:  
"Here is love entangled too!"  
"Well, is that," he gayly asked,  
"Something very rare and new?"

"He is trifling!" and the girl  
Held at once her heart in thrall,  
"He shall see I will not come,  
Fetch, and carry, at his call!"

When he, pressing nearer, asked,  
"Were you ever tangled in it?"  
"No, I think not. Wintergreen!  
I can get it in a minute!"

In that little minute's space  
He revoked his little plan;  
"Tisn't me," he sourly said,  
"Likely, 'tis some other man!"

Walking back at set of sun,  
What was this had come between?  
Each one, sad and silent, thought  
Of the joy that might have been.

When he went away she laid  
The young violets aside,  
But the love entangled threw  
From the window, open wide.

Ah! the flower she would not keep,  
Was the emblem of the thing!  
Love entangled mostly thrives  
In the lover's early spring!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

## UP THE GUYANDOTTE.

II.

"THERE'S the mine," says Snuggy, when the black opening comes in view.

"Oh, across the river?"

"Yes."

"How do we get across?"

"In a canoe. I'll holler fur it."

"Ho! ho! ho! across there!"

No answer.

"Ho! ho! ho!"

"Hullo! What's a-wanting?" is the answering shout.

"Want ter cross."

"All right."

Very soon a small boy appears and paddles the dug-out over to the party.

"Here's yer boat," says he, and makes off up the bank, leaving us to paddle ourselves.

We crossed safely, and went into the mine, which proved to be a splendid one—a *ten-foot* vein, in fact, of the best bituminous coal of the country, which is literally full of it. "Ten foot in the clar," as Snuggy said, with no "slate on top."

The way back to the boys was in a manner sadly enlivened and cheered by the contemplation of the sorrows of a poor cow, who had incautiously partaken of the young leaves of the buckthorn, and was feeling its effects very much as a toper of the country feels his overdose of whiskey.

Somewhere up on the mountain-side she began a series of ground and lofty tumblings, which would have done infinite credit to a first-class circus-man, and had, withal, such a grotesque air about her that an ordinary clown would have felt himself quite outdone in funny posturing. Snuggy gave the alarm at the nearest farm-house, and the unfortunate beast was soon undergoing a rough sort of medical treatment, in which the remedies seemed to be limited to lard and sweet milk. A herb, locally called "ditne," was also freely prescribed as an antidote, but, as it had not grown up so early in the season, this sovereign cure could not be administered in the particular case in hand.

Everybody gives everybody "good day" in this part of



MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

the world, and just then the universal question, for the sake of opening conversation, was, "Do yer 'tend court ter-morrow?" for

while their owners were busied inside the building.

When court opened, there were to be seen in the room much the same crowd of self-asserting lawyers, important witnesses, petty prisoners, and anxious relatives, that one sees in any country court; and the same odors of perspiration, of tobacco, and whiskey, made it unbearable to delicate lungs and nostrils.

How is it that men, accustomed to the pure air of the fields and woods, can remain in one of these reeking places for hours and never evince the least consciousness of the overpowering effluvia they contain, while a city-bred man (housed two-thirds of his life) turns faint and sick



GOING TO COURT.



with the vile smells in five minutes?

Outside, the scene was more varied and interesting. Everybody was trading, or, to use the vernacular, "swapping," horses, and, in the intervals, the notaries public and other county functionaries, not at the moment employed in the courtroom, sat under the trees, surrounded by legal documents, while hard-fisted farmers swore, on well-worn pocket-bibles, to deeds and depositions, or "squared up" for taxes and assessment accounts. It was a "truly rural" scene, this backwoods gathering around the temple of temporary justice, and a scene too to do the heart of a loyal citizen much good, when he remembered that, not long ago, these same farmers, now like brethren dwelling in peace together, were bold riders in desperate raids, where the cry was "Burn and destroy, for law is dead, except the law of might."

In the afternoon my friend became possessed with the idea that it was necessary to his happiness that he should take a ride through the short cut, a bridle-path over the mountain from Mud River, a mile below the courthouse, to Snuggy Boys's. Go, he would, and as there were thunder-clouds in the southern sky, I took the opportunity to be as firmly determined to put up at Singer's for another night. As neither would give up to the other, we bade good-by until the morrow, and turned our horses in opposite directions, to follow the bent of our individual strong wills.

And here let me pause to relate that the prosperous editor of a Cabell County journal deluded my not unwilling self into his then abiding-place, for the purpose of joining him in a mild imbibition of the wine of the country.

"Help yourself," said he.

I looked around the den, which was his temporary sanctum, and mildly investigated the nooks and corners for the black bottle, or fat demijohn I expected would somewhere meet my anxious gaze.

"But I don't perceive the intoxicating beverage," said I.



COUNTRY COURT-HOUSE.

The editor smiled.

"No?" said he.

"No!" said I, after a second survey.

"You haven't gotten acclimated yet," rejoined the facetious editor. "Look here."

A boot hung conspicuously on a nail over his table. He approached it in a reverential manner, thrust his hand into the upstretched

forgot all about it. By-and-by he died, his son not knowing anything about the keg, you bet!—or he would have had it up. In course of time he died, and his son, my man, grew up to be a father himself, and one day was overhauling his cellar, when he struck on this old keg. He got it out, and on the side he read the label:

"OLD BOURBON. Hid by me at fifteen years old. J. B."

"Well, sir, he knocked out the bung, and put in a spigot—he wanted to see how grandfather whiskey would taste. But it didn't come. Then he stove the head in, and there was the liquor in the bottom side of the keg thickened up and as hard as maple-sugar. So he cut it out in chunks to fit his pocket; and now when he wants a drink he just nibbles off a bit, and it makes drunk come quicker."

I suppose I looked incredulous.

"It's true—every word," said the editor.—"Ain't it, boys?" looking around at the crowd who had gradually invaded the sanctum.

"True, in course," said they, in chorus.

"I'll make a note of that too," said I.

When I arrived at Singer's, the storm I saw coming, was close at hand, and I was only under cover in time to escape the big rain-drops which preceded the hurricane and the deluge.

It was not early when my friend returned to court next day, and when he came



THE NOTARY AT HIS OFFICE.

I could not help noticing a certain subdued and altered manner in him.

"What is the matter?" said I, at length, when we started for Snuggly Boys's that afternoon.

"Oh, nothing much," replied he.

"Tell a fellow?"

"I've had an adventure."

"I thought so! Alone in the woods all night? Got lost?"

"Worse than that. I was awfully scared!"

"Out with it."

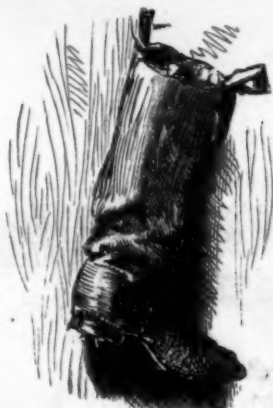
"You won't tell on me?"

"No, on honor."

"Then I'll tell you. You see when that storm came on, I was more than two miles this side of Snuggly's, and things began to look bad in the woods. The thunder rattled frightfully; it grew so dark that I could hardly see the path, and every now and then one of those big, dead trees would blow down, and come crashing through the limbs with a noise worse than thunder. One fell right behind me, and made my old cob jump, I tell you. Soon I came to a little cleared spot, and, looking around for a place of shelter, made out a low cabin of logs, in which I determined to stop until the rain was over.

"There was a shed covered with boughs at the side of the cabin, and, as I was tying my horse under it, an old woman came out of the door and invited me to come in out of the wet. When I had taken off my saddle, I entered, and found myself in a little one-roomed place, where the old woman who had come to the door, three young women, and an old, decrepit man, sat round the fire, smoking. The old woman gave me a seat, and, after a word or two about the storm, all relapsed into silence. We had been sitting perhaps an hour in this way, except for my few attempts at conversation, when the old woman asked me if I had had supper. Things looked so dirty that I was fain to say yes, although I was really very hungry. Then she asked if I would like to lie down. Before answering, I looked around the hut, and saw that the only sleeping accommodations were a sort of shake-down of dirty sheep-skins in one corner, and a still more filthy-looking bed of antique pattern. I said, 'No, I must get on my way,' and then went out to look at the weather.

"It was dark now, very dark, and I made



THE WHISKEY BOOT.

up my mind that it would be hopeless to attempt to find my way through the woods. I would sit up all night where I was. When I went back to the hut, I saw that the old man had taken the opportunity to get in among the sheep-skins; but the women still sat idly and smoked their pipes. After a time I went out again to give them a chance to retire, but found them still sitting up when I came in again.

"The old woman now became very urgent for me to go to bed, as she said I must be tired after my long day's ride. Finding that she would be offended if I continued to sit up, I at length took off my coat, and, making a

pillow of it, lay down on the dirty bed, keeping my weather-eye open for developments.

"I had got an idea that they were not quite honest. As long as I kept awake I had nothing to fear from four women, you see—the old man was too feeble to be counted in. Pretty soon the woman who had the child—I forgot to tell you one of them had a child at her breast—dropped off her upper rag of a dress, and, pulling out a trundle-bed from under the one on which I lay, crawled into it with her infant.

"The others sat and smoked in silence still. It made me a little uneasy to think that they might be waiting for some one. I was beginning to get very sleepy in the quiet and dusk of this cabin, where there was only the firelight and the regular sound of the old man's breathing as he slept, when there rose in the night, at no great distance, a peculiar whistling cry like that of some wild-bird.

"'Tee-wattle—tee-wattle!' it seemed to say. The women gave each other intelligent glances, and smoked on quietly.

"'Tee-wattle—tee-wattle!' again. It sounded surprisingly like 'Twaddle'—your old nickname for me, you know. Then there was a pistol-shot. How I wished I had your revolver about that time!"

"I always told you you were a fool not to carry one," said I, speaking too strongly in my excitement. "But go on."

"I was beginning to get frightened a bit, when I asked the old woman, in as steady a voice as I could command, what that noise meant.

"'Oh,' said she, 'that's only a bird we has in these here mountings. We calls it a tee-wattle.'

"There was nothing for me to do but to lie down again.

"Presently the call was repeated, and then a succession of shots were fired, and I heard some shoutings and wild laughter. The sounds came nearer and still nearer. All was quiet for a moment, and then the door was burst in suddenly, and a couple of villanous fellows entered, with drunken shouts and curses, calling to the women by name, and flourishing, the one a pistol, and the other a huge gin-bottle. I lay perfectly still. It may have been cowardly, but you will see that it was the best way, after all.

"The men had passed perhaps five minutes in a wild orgy, in which the women joined cla-



DRAWING WATER

morously, before they saw me. That five minutes seemed an hour to me. Evidently they had not been aware of my presence until then.

"Who is that cuss?" angrily demanded one of them of the old woman, at the same time coming close up to me.

"Never you mind him," said she (pulling the man by the arm); 'he's a stranger, who's bin a-travellin' all day, and he's a heap tired, dead with sleep. Don't yer see? Let him alone, I say!'

"The fellow made no further demonstration, but returned to his obscene revelry with his companion, and the women of the house, and seemed to forget that I was present, while I lay suffering mortal terror, lest they should take a drunken notion to rob or perhaps murder me. It was near daylight when they left, and it was not long afterward when I quitted the foul den and rode to Snuggy's, where I had to make up a cock-and-a-bull story to account for my early appearance."

By the time the story was told, we were well into the bridle-path, and I saw that my companion's estimate of his danger from falling trees during the storm had not been overdrawn, for great trunks lay across the path in many places, over which we had to jump our horses, in regular hunting-fashion; both declaring it very good fun.

Mr. Boys was going to town the next day as it happened, and we made quite a gay party on our way back.

Snuggy Boys pointed out many things of interest on the road, and particularly drew our attention to the "Indian sculptures" on the river-rocks. In one place a full-spread outline of an eagle, in another a large fish, intended to represent a pike, perhaps, and then a rude resemblance of a man with a bow, were cut into the flat surface. There are said to be many such relics in Kentucky, and these people "set a heap of store" by them. Perhaps some antiquarian might find it interesting to visit the "Guyan pictures." Except this, I found but little new or strange to add to my stock of observations in West Virginia.

To be sure, I did make copious notes in my book



FISHING ON THE "GUYAN."



THE RESULT.

touching the do-nothing habits of the people, to which I was especially provoked by the sight of some men hauling water in barrels from the river, which they were content to do because they were too lazy to dig a well. At least so we were told by good authority.

Accidents or incidents there were none worthy of mention until we had taken passage on board the Lark, and bade good-by to the excellent Mr. Boys.

As usual, the little boat was delayed beyond her regular starting-time. My cheerful friend and philosophical self, however, kept our tempers pretty well, and lounged and smoked pipes in patience, passing the weary waiting time in watching the numerous fishers along the shores. Well were we entertained at length, for we saw a great catch made by a big, loose-limbed negro boy, who seemed bent on going to sleep in the sun, and really appeared to regard a bite as an interruption not to be tolerated.

He had planted his pole in the sand, and lay basking with his arms under his head until the line began to tighten and the pole to bend.

When at length he did pull in, it was pull indeed—a pull-nigger, pull-devil sort of contest—and, at the end of it, Sambo hauled ashore a monster cat-fish nearly four feet long, and stout in proportion.

"Massa," said he, "dat ar cat-fish 'ill weigh right smart onto eighty pound. Dat's de fardder ob all de cat-fish, dat is, massa."

"Golly," remarked another black boy, "see dat nigger—see what he done catch!"

There are not many negroes in this part of West Virginia—considering that it was a slave State so recently—and most of those who are resident here come from other parts. My friend, who was given to investigating all sorts of subjects, got hold of a good specimen of a Kentucky contraband, and put the question as to whether he thought that the abolition of slavery was a good thing for the country.

"Well, massa," said Kentucky, "I is ob de 'pinion dat 'tis a good ting. I nebber had no complaint to make gin my ole massa, but den, in dem



times, I nobber had nuffin at de end ob de yar. De fac' is, sar, it's a heap better fur de poor white folks, anyhow—dey couldn't get no work afore, and now dey has de same chance as us culled men."

"My friend," said I to my companion, "witness the disinterested opinion of this generous individual of color."

"I witness," said he, "and I pray you let that speech be well recorded for the strengthening of the hands of the friends of the noble black man."

With the generous thoughts inspired by this conversation we walked silently and contemplatively up the hill, from the Lark's dock, at Guyandotte, toward the "Olive House," and as we walked we came upon a small boy digging Indian spear-heads out of the path. I immediately despoiled the youth of his best specimen of the flint handiwork of the aborigines, and handed him a five-cent coin of the republic—which astonished the boy so much that he immediately "sung psams."

Of course, I was not slow to take the opportunity to dilate on one of my favorite hobbies—introduced by the capture of the spear-head—viz., the prolific story of the wrongs of the noble red man in the usurpation of his rightful domain by the white men. Happily for my companion, the landlord of the Olive met us at the door, and put an end to my dissertation by immediately announcing—"Supper!"

GILBERT BURLING.

## WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A LONELY cottage, storm-and-night-surrounded,

Stood by the troubled sea,  
And lonely in her chamber sang a maiden—  
Pure, sweet, true-hearted, she—  
Yet, as she sang, mournfully her voice sounded,

As from a heart with sadness laden :

"O Lamp, that burnest on my little table,  
Thou canst not drive the gloom  
From yonder window shaken by wind and storm :

Only this one small room  
Canst thou illuminate ; poor Lamp ! unable  
To give the outer darkness form."

A lonely vessel wave-and-tempest-bounded,  
Tossed on the troubled sea ;  
Stood lonely at the helm a sailor, singing,  
Wild, strong, yet weak was he,  
But, as he sang, cheerily his voice sounded,  
A hope within his heart upspringing.

"O Light, that shinest brightly in yon casement,  
Through murky night and rain,  
Thy steady radiance on my vexed heart falleth,

Bringing me peace again,  
And my wand'ring soul, from its abasement,  
To a worthier haven callesth."

The pure, and erring heart, God hath united—  
Woman and man—and she  
Questioning, "Love, how foundest thou my casement !

It seemed so dark to me !"

"Ay ! dark to thee !" he said ; "but me, it lighted

To heaven, from mine abasement !"

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## ELIZABETH GOETHE.

ELIZABETH'S childhood and early youth was passed in a quiet, well-ordered, and well-provided house. Her father, Johann Wolfgang Textor, imperial "Rath," magistrate of the free city of Frankfort, and doctor of laws, was a man who commanded universal respect, not less for his probity than for his superior abilities. Her mother died young.

A cheerful disposition, native refinement and grace, and a thoughtful, inquiring mind, supplied in Elizabeth, to a great extent, a deficient education. At that time, in Germany, Goethe tells us schools were comparatively little patronized, which rendered the educating of young people, especially girls, very difficult. His official duties and favorite occupation, gardening, so absorbed the magistrate's time that he could give little attention to the education of his daughter.

Elizabeth, born February 19, 1731, was quite tall, and had remarkably expressive eyes. In her fifty-fifth year, in a letter to a friend, she describes herself thus :

"I am tall and rather corpulent, have brown eyes and hair, and think I would do right well, in appearance, for the queen in 'Hamlet.' Many people, among them the Princess of Dessau, contend that no one could fail to see that Goethe is my son. I, however, fail to see that we look very much alike ; still, there must be a resemblance, or it would not be so frequently remarked. Order and quiet are the leading traits of my character. I, therefore, always do what I have to do without unnecessary delay, beginning with the least agreeable. 'I swallow the devil,' as the sage Wieland advises, 'without wasting time in viewing him.' Once things are put to rights again, I defy any one to surpass me in good-humor."

In her eighteenth year, Elizabeth was betrothed to Johann Caspar Goethe, who was twenty years her senior. It would seem that, although she thought him handsome, she was not very deeply enamoured. They were married August 28, 1748, and, despite the difference in their ages and dispositions, their union was very happy. The husband, who took great interest in literature and art, was careful that his young wife should add something daily to her limited acquirements ; he encouraged her especially in practising the piano and in cultivating her voice.

Happy days were in store for Madame Goethe. With the birth of her first child, Johann Wolfgang, August 28, 1749, a new epoch began in her life. Of the children born later, two girls and several boys, the eldest only, Cornelia, who was a year younger than Johann Wolfgang, grew to maturity. The others died early. This led, perhaps, to the two remaining children and the youthful mother being more devoted to one another than they otherwise would have been. Madame Goethe was often heard to say :

"I and my Wolfgang have always gotten on well together : that's because we are both young, and there is not such a wide difference in our ages as there is between his and his father's."

Both parents were very devoted to their

children, the father becoming their first instructor. While he was always serious and instructive in his intercourse with them, the mother evinced the utmost interest in their childish amusements. Goethe, at a tender age, evinced a decided taste for reading, and, as his mother was also fond of books, they early began to exchange opinions of what they read, a habit which necessarily led him to read more carefully than he otherwise would have done.

There was a peculiar trait in Madame Goethe's character that was inherited by her son—a great aversion to hearing any thing that was in any degree unpleasant. So, when she engaged a servant, among other conditions, she never failed to insist on the following :

"You must never inform me of any thing calculated to horrify, grieve, or vex, whether it occur in the city or in my own household. Of such things I wish to remain ignorant. If it concerns me nearly, I shall always know of it soon enough. If it does not concern me at all, I would, if possible, remain in my ignorance. Indeed, if the city should be in flames, I would not know it until I am compelled to."

When her son left the paternal roof to go to the university, his mother missed him greatly. Goethe, after speaking of his father's various occupations, and of his severity in keeping Cornelia at her books, says :

"My mother, although naturally lively and cheerful, now passed many a long day. Her domestic duties were soon performed. The mind of the good and never-idle woman sought occupation and found it in religion, in which she was doubtless influenced by her most intimate lady-friends, who were devout Christians. Among them was Fräulein von Klettenberg, to whose conversation and letters I am indebted for 'the confessions of a beautiful soul' in 'Wilhelm Meister.'"

In the autumn of 1765, Goethe went to Leipzig to continue his studies at the university ; he remained there three years, returning home to Frankfort, at the expiration of that time, in very poor health. This was a period full of anxiety for the fond mother. The want of harmony that had previously existed between father and son was not less apparent now ; and hardly had Goethe regained his health, when he longed to leave home again, because, he said, his intercourse with his father was not agreeable.

Again the mother was compelled to bid good-by to her son, but this time he was not so long absent. Once more she was compelled to act as mediator between father and son. Despite these little domestic differences, the life of Madame Goethe, about this period, became much more agreeable. Her son already began to have a name, and to establish friendly relations with men of note, who became, to her great delight, frequent visitors at her house, where they were always cordially received by the magistrate.

After Cornelia's marriage with George Schlosser, in 1773, it was quieter than ever in the Goethe household. The mother now began to plan a marriage for her son, but a summons he received to go to Weimar suddenly ended her match-making. She was naturally

very sorry to be separated from her idol, but she was in a measure consoled by his new friends, who rarely failed to make her a visit whenever they went to Frankfort. Indeed, no stranger of any importance, prince or burgher, at this time visited Frankfort without hunting out the poet's family. It was about this time that the proud mother wrote to a friend:

"I am more fortunate than Frau von Neck; she must travel about to see the great men of Germany, while I can see them all and stay at home, which is much more agreeable as well as much less troublesome."

Her cheerfulness always had an inspiring effect on young people, who were never more at ease or gayer than when in her house. No better evidence of this could be had than the little romp the two Mecklenburg princesses indulged in when they made her a visit. The elder was subsequently the beloved Queen Louisa of Prussia, mother of the present Emperor of Germany. When the two young ladies arrived, Madame Goethe was just taking her dinner. There was a *speck-salat*—a salad with bacon on it—and an *eier-kuchen*—a sort of pancake—on the table. In her natural, unconstrained manner, she invited the two princesses to partake of her humble meal, which they found so palatable that they left nothing on the table. Then they went roaming about the house to see the rooms in which the great poet spent his childhood, and finally they got into the back-yard, where they seemed to think it fine fun to pump water. When their governess saw them from the window, she wanted to hasten out and call them in, but Madame Goethe tried to persuade her to leave them to their innocent amusement, and, as the governess persisted, she locked her in the room. When the elder of the two princesses became Queen of Prussia, she sent Madame Goethe an expensive set of jewelry, of which she was very proud, and which she always wore on great occasions.

While she was gladdened by the ever-rising fame of her son, she was suddenly bereaved of her daughter Cornelia, who died July, 7, 1777. The tender love she had borne her only daughter, she now bestowed on her grandchildren; but it was only after a considerable time that even the joy she had in her son reestablished her wonted cheerfulness. On the 27th of May, 1782, her husband died. This new trial was borne with philosophic fortitude. "Who grieves," said she, "because the moon is not always full, or because the sun is not so warm in December as in July? By making the best use of the present, without pausing to think that it might have been better, we make life most agreeable to ourselves and to others, which, all things considered, is the great end we should strive for." Of her mode of life, after the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, she wrote to the Duchess Amalie, March, 1778:

"I enjoy good health, thank Heaven, am cheerful and contented. The mornings I devote to my house-affairs, and to writing letters, when I have any to write. Once a month I rid my writing-desk, and I can never do so without laughing. There, as in heaven, rank is unknown—the high and the low, the

pious and the impious, are garnered in one common receptacle. In the afternoon I receive my friends, but at four o'clock they are expected to leave, for at that hour I usually drive out, either to the theatre or to make visits. That is my ordinary routine for the day."

Her thoughts, however, wandered continually to Weimar, to her beloved son. What transpired there, what the poet did, and how he lived, interested her more than all else. She begged young Stein, who at that time lived with Goethe, to keep a diary, and told him how she would have it kept. "This you will send to me every month," said she, "so that I may always feel that I am one of you, and may enjoy what you enjoy. A line or two every evening will cost you little trouble, and will afford me a world of pleasure."

With her two granddaughters, Cornelia's children, she was also in continual correspondence. She made them frequent presents, and received specimens of their handiwork in return, which delighted her greatly.

Goethe often tried to persuade his mother to come to him at Weimar, but no considerations could induce her to quit her dear Frankfort for any considerable length of time. She spent many of her evenings at the theatre, and her maternal heart beat with pride and joy when one of her son's dramas was favorably received by the public. She had accustomed the Frankfort audiences to look upon her as an important personage, and she certainly was allowed great license. On one occasion Goethe's "Geschwister" was played to an audience that, on account of the heat, was very slim; the poet's mother, however, was in her accustomed place, from which she cried out to one of the principal performers: "Play your best, Herr Verdy—I am here." The actor complied with her request, and she rewarded him by applauding every point right heartily. When the play was finished, she thanked the actors, and added that she would tell her son how well they had played. Then followed a conversation between her and the players, to which the audience listened respectfully.

In the spring of 1808, her grandson August, while on his way to Heidelberg, made her a visit. The citizens, proud of their great townsman, vied with one another in doing him honor in the person of his son. At the various entertainments given the young man, his grandmother seemed to be the most joyous of all present.

Young Goethe had been gone but a short time, when Madame de Staël visited Frankfort. She brought letters from Weimar, which everywhere insured her a flattering reception. She first met the mother of Goethe at a grand ball given by one of the wealthier citizens; when she was presented to her, the old lady bowed graciously, and said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by every one in the room: "*Je suis la mère de Goethe.*"

Although the worthy matron had always enjoyed excellent health, Time, nevertheless, demanded his rights. During the summer of 1808, she failed very rapidly, and in the night of September 18th and 14th she died. She alone thought her end was so near. On

the morning of her death she received an invitation, to which she returned: "Say that Madame Goethe cannot come; she expects to die in the course of the day." During her short illness, she gave minute directions with regard to her funeral; she even designated the wine and the kind of cake that should be handed round, according to the usage of the country, and charged her cook to be sure and not to spare the raisins in the cake, adding: "That's a kind of economy I never could endure, and I believe it would annoy me in my grave."

Seldom has a mortal been so favored by Fortune as was this woman. Her childhood and youth were passed in affluence under the paternal roof. In her married life, although she never passionately loved, she was contented and happy. The cares that are incident to poverty she never knew, as she always had an abundance of this world's goods at her command. Her first-born, a son, was a great man while yet a youth in years; he was Germany's greatest poet. And how beautiful were the love and concord that existed between mother and son! In his life she may be said to have had a second and still more joyous existence.

## A MOTHER'S WISH.

### I.

WHAT sweet thing can I wish for you, my pet,  
Who sleep and know not of this beam so fair,  
Flung by the mellow moon about to set,  
In through the dark room on your golden hair?

### II.

What sweet thing can I wish? That you may gain  
Praise from the world for beauty's precious dower,  
Yet keep your womanhood without a stain,  
Chaste as the white heart of a lotus-flower!

### III.

Or that this baby hand, so careless now,  
Shall some day comfort many a sister's pain,  
Loved of the sufferer's pale, aching brow  
As the dry daisy loves the summer rain!

### IV.

Or shall I wish that from sad deeps of sin  
Your voice may summon, pitiful yet bold,  
The many that lie desolate therein,  
Colder themselves because the world is cold!

### V.

Ah, yes, these wishes would be well; and yet,  
Somehow while lingering to watch you here,  
The tyrannous mother-love makes me forget  
All else but that you are divinely dear!

### VI.

And I can merely wish, my gold-haired elf,  
That, though harsh cares assail you by-and-by,  
You may have some wee darling like yourself  
To watch and love as willingly as I!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## TABLE-TALK.

AS the community progresses in civilization, new paths of instruction are developed, and education ever broadens into greater refinements of detail. The establishment, in Massachusetts, of industrial-art schools, is an evidence that in this country the sphere of useful knowledge is continually widening, and that authority is in constant, quick sympathy with the public needs. Last year the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act requiring all cities and towns in the Commonwealth, containing ten thousand inhabitants or over, to open and support free schools for instruction in those arts which pertain especially to industries; and a year's trial of the plan has put its success beyond a doubt. To many it seemed at first impracticable, and at all events of little value; but the eagerness with which the benefits of the schools already established have been sought, and the rapid progress of the pupils who have attended them, show that a real want in the industrial community has been met. An English gentleman, of long experience at South Kensington, was secured to manage the inauguration of the project, and to assume a general superintendence over the schools. An exhibition of the results so far achieved in the shape of plans, drawings, and draughts, has just been held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, and thus the feasibility and utility of the experiment have been demonstrated to the public eye. There were reasons why, in the first year, the best results were not attainable. The want of good appliances, of models, copies, and instruments, was one need, which in another year will doubtless be supplied; in some cases, proper accommodations were not to be had, and the schools were held in the evening, in inconvenient and ill-provided apartments; and the dearth of trained teachers has been keenly felt. Any one who knew something of a particular branch of industrial drawing had to be accepted—sometimes public-school teachers, amateur artists, students from the Institute of Technology, who could not make the art-school instruction their vocation, but taught it in their hours of leisure, as a collateral employment. This want of accomplished professional teachers resulted in a certain narrowness in the instruction given. One town sent to the exhibition excellent specimens in a single branch of industrial art—such as architectural draughting or mechanical drawing—but was utterly wanting in others, such as free-hand drawing, and fresco and ornamental designing. In Boston alone, there were proper appliances and competent instructors; and, as a result, the Boston section in the exhibition displayed an excellence and variety of execution which proved completely the practicability and importance of industrial schools. It is proposed, by the examiners appointed to report upon the

schools, that a normal art-school should be established, and that the salaries of the teachers prepared by it should be made sufficient to enable them to devote their whole time to this special department of instruction. Art is certainly a handmaiden to the industrial sciences, and is, or should be, the basis of them; and the example of Massachusetts might well be followed by the other States, especially those devoted to the mechanical industries.

— While the graver question of the Washington Treaty occupies the foreground of discussion and consideration, both in England and in America, two other topics are agitating, at the same time, many of our State Legislatures, and Parliament, each possessing an interest only subordinate to that affecting our international relations. The English woman-suffragists display the same persistency in pushing their cause, after repeated and discouraging failures, as do our own; and year after year the subject of giving women electoral rights appears as well in the House of Commons as in the Massachusetts "General Court." This year the attempt to crystallize this claimed right into law has met with an opposition greater than that of last year, in both bodies. In the House of Commons, over a hundred members voted for Mr. Jacob Bright's female-suffrage bill, and among these were some fifty or sixty Tories; Mr. Disraeli himself paired in favor of it; Mr. Gladstone was reported to be well affected toward it, though he cautiously refrained from voting; and Sir John Coleridge, the attorney-general, sustained it in a speech of marked vigor and eloquence. The conservatives in America are strongly opposed to female suffrage; those of England are more or less favorable to it, on the supposition that a large majority of the ladies would vote to sustain Church, State, and Constitution. The feminine nature, according to Mr. Disraeli, is very conservative, since conservatism is a sort of political sentimentalism. At all events, woman suffrage is so far from being regarded by the English as a radical cause, that the strict constructionists of constitutional traditions treat it tenderly, and in many cases advocate it warmly. To many Americans it is the forerunner of social as well as political anarchy. The other question which stirs at once the American legislative and the parliamentary mind, is that referring to the sale of liquor. Sir Wilfrid Lawson—who is, by-the-way, one of the five or six republicans in the House of Commons—is urging a "private" bill, the principle of which is to leave the power of permitting or prohibiting the sale of liquor to each particular locality or parish. This is similar to the Massachusetts law, which is now in force, giving each town the right to vote as to whether lager-beer and ale shall be sold within its limits. Most of the speakers in the House of Commons admit that

there are too many "public-houses," and that their number must be somehow restricted; but Sir Wilfrid's bill is manifestly unpopular, and does not meet the approval of the Gladstone Government, so that it will probably miscarry. The feeling is, that the matter should be dealt with by imperial legislation, and not delegated to small constituencies, which would create a variety of regulations, producing confusion throughout the country. The influence of the wealthy brewers in England is so great that it will be difficult to settle upon a law restricting the sale of malt liquors; the failure of the government to frame a satisfactory statute is discouraging to further attempts; yet Mr. Gladstone promises, ere long, to deal vigorously with the subject.

— A great experiment in the organization of immigration is now going on in the West. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company owns vast tracts of land in the State of Nebraska. The company has established, in England, a far-reaching emigration agency, which broadcasts information as to Iowa and Nebraska in the populous cities, the country towns, and the agricultural villages. Farmers, the sons of farmers, and the more provident among the agricultural laborers, are having a land of promise pointed out to them, at a time when it has become evident that there are far more farmers than can obtain land to farm in England, and when the agricultural laborers are growing out of that apathy, as regards their condition, which has been induced by semi-starvation extending over generations of toiling men and women. The seed the company has sown is bearing fruit, to its own profit and the benefit of our common country. The classes we have named are being brought from England, and carried West in veritable colonies. The immigrants are instructed from the platform, and by means of pamphlets, before they start on their journey; and every considerable party is accompanied by a gentleman experienced in Western life, from the time it quits the English port until the settlers reach their new homes. Nor is this all. The system adopted bands men and women from one district together, so that they may again find themselves dwelling near each other in the land of their choice. It is interesting to see one of these immigrant parties on the way West. The men are stout, cleanly in habit, of good courage; and evidently they know how to endure the preliminary trials of the settler's life. Many of them bring sufficient capital wherewith to purchase homesteads in the West; and it is to these men, and not to speculators, that the company sells its land, in the belief that, not only will Nebraska be populated by English agriculturists, but that traffic will be created for the railway. The example is to be commended to the other great railroad corporations who hold land in fee. There is room in the West



for the English farmer and farm-laborer, and they are needed as a conservative element in our society. They may be stolid—for the agricultural mind in England has been fixed in a hard mould—but they are solid. They are of our religion; and we can rely on them, in politics, to be on the side of order and good government, when their faculties have been brightened by a short residence in this country. The economic condition of England makes it certain that many of them must emigrate, and the United States will be chosen in preference to the British colonies, if the way is opened out by the organization of immigration.

— Our success in erecting statues in America has not altogether been very encouraging; but the Shakespeare statue just placed in Central Park is, we trust, the beginning of a new era in this branch of art. The commendation very generally bestowed upon Mr. Ward's conception of the great poet is, we think, fully deserved. The figure is admirably proportioned, is graceful in pose, and possesses a beauty and dignity that supply a noble realization of the bard. The success which has attended its execution induces us to ask for more statues at the hands of the same master. There are many names in our immediate local history that ought to be honored; the whole length of the Central-Park Mall might well indeed be graced with bronze effigies of our distinguished men—men whom New York ought especially to honor, because they helped to build up its fortunes, and are identified with its fame. There are Peter Stuyvesant, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, General Schuyler, Gouverneur Morris, Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, all of whom are without statues or monuments, and yet whose greatness is a part of our own. Hitherto, in view of what has been often erected in our city under the name of statues, men of taste might well have shrunk from urging further contributions to a gallery of ugliness in bronze; but the Ward statue renders it possible, at least, that the Central-Park Mall may become our Pantheon—lined with memorials of our worthies whom we should be glad to honor, and proud to honor worthily. We have mentioned for statues persons specially identified with New York, and we think this is right; but, of course, the list should include national names. When we go to Paris, we look for statues of Napoleon, not of Alexander; at Berlin we expect to find monuments of Frederick the Great, not of the Duke of Wellington. But, if our ambitions become aroused to the carrying out of such a scheme, let at least the monuments that follow be worthy, artistically, of association with Mr. Ward's beautiful rendering of Shakespeare.

— A number of young Parisian bachelors, compelled to take their meals at *cafés* and restaurants, lately held a meeting at one

of their haunts, to unite in a protest against the growing expense of "tips" to waiters. This really is a step in the right direction, and one worthy of imitation here. In all our superior restaurants, the customer who is not ready with his "quarters" is pretty soon made to feel the consequences of his neglect to anoint with golden ointment an ever-itching palm. There really is no excuse for this sort of thing here, inasmuch as the waiters, unlike those in Europe, are adequately paid by their employers, and are frequently in the receipt of larger means than the men who have to give them *douceurs*; for the incomes of these waiters, what with wages and "chances," amount to a sum which thousands of clerks would envy. It would perhaps be sufficient if the proprietors would take fifteen per cent. off their articles and their waiters' wages, and leave it to the public to remunerate their men in part. A waiter, as Johnson pointed out, when he praised the comfort of a tavern, always attends best in the hope of some present reward.

## Correspondence.

Pests of St. Domingo.

ST. DOMINGO, April 12, 1872.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

Your correspondent is a new subscriber. In the first "batch" of the JOURNAL received, he encounters, in the number for February 24, 1872, a well-written letter, signed "C. H. K.," about the "Insects of St. Domingo." "C. H. K." has had eight months' experience in the West Indies. The writer has lived exactly thirty-seven months in St. Domingo. Unfortunately, he has not had the pleasure of reading the letter of Dr. Harvey Brown; but he gathers, from the later article, that the doctor considers the "garden of the Antilles" to be rather cursed by pests.

Now, a few words from a member of the Entomological Society of Philadelphia may not be inappropriate.

We will commence, like "C. H. K." with the mosquitoes. They are neither so large nor so numerous as those the writer has suffered from in Soharie County, New York; not half so bad as those that have bitten him in Jersey; and not a "circumstance" to those he has suffered from in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys.

As to the "chigoe or chique (*Pulex penetrans*)," or *nigua*, as it is called in St. Domingo, it is a microscopic flea. Its presence is signalized by a slight itching, and a little red spot, with a dark speck in the centre. With the slightest care it can be picked out with a needle, easier than a thorn, and leaves no after-troubles. If neglected for a week, it makes a sac, half the size of an ordinary pea, filled with eggs. Pick this out, rub in a little cigar-ash or a drop of tobacco-juice, and it is all over. The writer has had perhaps a dozen in his feet at various times; never suffered inconvenience himself, and never saw anybody else who did.

"C. H. K." is entirely right about the "bête rouge," which seems to be identical with our American tick in appearance and in the results of its attacks.

As to scorpions, Oregon and California can

"discount" St. Domingo, not only in size, but in abundance. They are not half as bad as a genuine American "yellow-jacket" in the sting. The writer has killed centipedes fully six inches long; but, so far as his observation goes, their principal occupation seems to be "skedaddling."

Cockroaches, of royal size, do frequent the air, but never harbor in dark corners here as they do in the North. They fly about at night, and go as well as come. In the North they haunt warm corners behind the range in the kitchen, and "smell bad" generally. In the West Indies they fly into the windows and fly out again. They are a little too apt to nibble off the pasted backs of books for the sake of the flour-paste. There was a good joke at the expense of one of the United States commissioners who visited the island last year to look into the merits of the annexation business. He was a guest, with the writer, at the house of one of the principal citizens of one of the coast towns—no matter which. His trunk was sent ashore from the ship, and the moment it was opened out swarmed something less than a hundred of the biggest kind of West-Indian cockroaches. Here was a hard case—a sort of violation of one of the unwritten laws of hospitality. He had introduced a horde of vermin into the house of his hospitable entertainer. He came to the writer, stated the case, horror-stricken, and wanted to know what was to be done. He hardly consented to be comforted when he was positively assured that they would all go out again as easily as they came. The assurance was almost too good to be true, and it is not at all certain that he fully believes it yet.

Ants are really the greatest pests, trifling as they are. The white ant, which lives chiefly on rotten wood, sometimes, though rarely, straggles into a house. But the other ants eat it, and they, in their turn, are only troublesome so far as they swarm into all sweets and run over meat. There are some—despite the assertion of "C. H. K."—a full half inch long, but they keep in the woods, and never trouble "folks."

Spiders are not mentioned by your correspondent. Of them there are plenty. But they are not dangerous nor troublesome. Tarantulas can be found if you know where to look for them; they are timid, and we never hear of their biting people, though a horse is occasionally poisoned. In that case the spot is bathed with a decoction of herbs known to the natives, and that is the end of it.

"C. H. K.'s" concluding paragraph is very true. But there are no other pests. The wasps, bees, spiders, ants, centipedes, scorpions, etc., trifling as they are, are the worst. There is not a poisonous reptile on the island; the few serpents are as harmless as your garter-snakes or milk-snakes, and we have no animals of prey whatever.

W. M. G.

## Miscellany.

The Mikado

PESHINE SMITH, of Rochester, N. Y., is now in the service of the Mikado of Japan, as legal adviser on foreign affairs. In a recent letter, he thus describes his first interview with the emperor:

"On the afternoon of the 8th of January, I received notice, through the minister of foreign affairs, that an audience would be given to me on the 10th of January, at ten A. M. His majesty at the same time sent his proposed

address to me in Japanese, with the request—equivalent to command—that I should send him that day what I intended to say in reply. The double translation of his majesty's address into English and of my reply into Japanese, of course, took some little time, but was successfully accomplished. The audience was at one of the summer palaces in the environs of the principal residence of the mikado. I went with my friend Hirai, an interpreter and secretary in the foreign office. I proposed to put myself into the ceremonial dress of silk, with mikra, etc., but was advised that it would be awkward for me—in short, given to understand that the proposition was taken as respectful on my part, but that I might appear just as I would appear if having an audience of the president. As the Japanese fashion is always to leave your shoes at the door when you enter a house, and as I was determined not to show myself to his majesty in my stockings, I had a Chinese tailor construct in a hurry a pair of plain black-velvet slippers, which I hoped to impose on his majesty as black-silk stockings. After sitting some little time in an antechamber, where tea, pipes, and confectionery, were administered by one of the household nobles, I followed the minister of foreign affairs into the audience-chamber—a room perhaps twenty by thirty feet—followed by Hirai. I entered by the long side of the room, all of us keeping near the wall. The mikado sat in the throne, on a platform about three feet high in the middle of the opposite wall. On his right was the prime-minister Sanjo; on his left, the sword-bearer, or whatever be his title, holding across his breast a gold-scabbard sword. As soon as I came opposite his majesty, I faced toward him and made my bow—the minister for foreign affairs, who advanced a step or two nearer the throne, at the same time announcing me. His majesty was laboring under a sore-throat; so, reading a few words of his address of welcome in Japanese, he handed the paper to the prime-minister, who read the rest. Hirai then read me the English translation. I read my reply, handed it to Hirai, who read it off in Japanese, made my bow, backing to the wall from which I had advanced toward the centre of the room, turned half round, and retired to the antechamber. You will ask how his majesty looked. Well, he has a pale, intelligent, but somewhat effeminate, divinity-student look. But he stared so intently and perseveringly into my face that I could not take a good look at him without apparent disrespect, and I would not know him in the street. I have no idea how he was dressed, except that he wore a long, straight feather on his head. I want to mention here that I see nothing like servility in the manners of the Japanese. Hirai, who is 'a squire of low degree,' has been with me to the greatest nobles and to the mikado. He bears himself with as simple ease and dignity as the stiffest republican could do. I speak of him because he always goes on such occasions to interpret for me; but I see the same unabashed freedom in all the gentlemen of the foreign office, and in the streets I was struck at once with the independent, self-respecting air of the people. They are exceedingly courteous; two gentlemen bow to each other till their bodies are parallel to the earth. There is, indeed, a very distinct respect for rank, but no snobbishness. If I go to a tinsmith, as I did that afternoon, to order a sheet-iron stove, he gets down on his hands and knees, and remains so while we are speaking; but he looks you in the face like an honest man, who does not think you are of any different sort of clay from himself, and has not the stamp which people wear who are accustomed to being op-

pressed and humiliated. It is simply excessive politeness."

#### A Queer Libel-Case.

A very curious case of post-card libel has lately come before a London magistrate. Charles Tolley was summoned for having written and published libels against his brother's wife. The complainant was one of a class of men to whom England is largely indebted for her wealth and prosperity. After having for several years earned his livelihood as a coachman, and then as an omnibus-conductor, he emigrated with his wife and three children to Australia. There he got into a merchant's office, ultimately set up in business for himself, and succeeded so well that in a few years he paid about a ninth of the custom-dues of the port of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

Eventually, having made a fortune, Mr. Tolley found himself able to realize the dream of so many English exiles, and comfortably established himself in a snug villa on the banks of the Thames. All, no doubt, seemed the color of its own roses about this delicious abode; but, unhappily, even here was the inevitable skeleton in the closet. It appears that both Mr. and Mrs. Tolley had, like too many other people, alas! undesirable brothers. In Mr. Tolley's family a dispute had taken place as to the maintenance of an aged mother, and the fact that the successful Australian did not contribute as liberally as his brother thought proper, became a bitter standing grievance. The brother determined to become a permanent thorn in the complainant's side, and, soon detecting a weak joint in the fraternal harness, hit upon an expedient whereby to make himself particularly unpleasant. In Mrs. Tolley's family there had been a black sheep. Her brother, who had been in government employ, was detected in a theft, and convicted. Here was a formidable weapon for Mr. Tolley to wield against his wealthy brother.

The British public is still rather shy of returned Australians. Such persons require to be thoroughly recommended to obtain cordial recognition when they settle in a new place; and, indeed, there are almost always several persons ready to record their solemn conviction that the new neighbors made their first trip to the antipodes at the public expense. It may readily be understood, then, how eagerly post-cards having reference to the antecedents of "these Australian people" would be devoured by the gossips of the neighborhood; and it is not improbable that the postmen's pocket-money began to show a decided increase about December, 1870, when the complainant returned on business to Australia, leaving his wife at home.

During his absence Mrs. Tolley was subjected to various petty annoyances from the defendant, who sent her post-cards on which the alleged libels were written. On one letter the defendant said she was not worthy the name of woman, and that her conduct was "horrible and despicable, and her ignorance and pride detestable." After October 13, 1871, a series of post-cards were sent, on one of which was pasted a piece of printed matter taken from the Communion Service of the Church of England, and having reference to repentance and "increased damnation" if she did not repent of her conduct. On another card, sent on the 24th of October, the complainant's page was requested to ask his mistress what had become of her brother. Several other post-cards were sent bearing writing of a similar description; and, on the 8th of March of the present year, seven placards were

posted on seven doors in Cambridge Terrace, bearing these words: "Ask Mrs. Tolley what became of her brother, who was a gentleman's servant." These were posted in the evening, and were seen by one of the complainant's sons, who informed his father.—Mr. Besley called witnesses to support this statement.—The complainant proved the handwriting on the first letter to be that of the defendant's, and a young man named Hawks, in the same service as the defendant, admitted that he directed one of the post-cards at the defendant's request. It was also stated that the young man who was sent for penal servitude went to India after his term had expired, and died there several years ago.

It is difficult to imagine a case indicating more dastardly malignity, and it is satisfactory to learn that the magistrates unanimously committed the alleged libeller for trial.

At the present rate at which our post-office authorities move, it does not seem likely that we in this country shall ever have the opportunity of perpetrating libels by means of post-cards, but should that period ever arrive, our legal authorities will find themselves fortified by quite a formidable array of cases and decisions in the English reports, and we trust that the same severe measure will be dealt out here to the libellers.

#### Land in England.

What is called the Land Question is evidently the great question of the future in English politics; the question, perhaps, of a not very distant future. The old notion that land is the same as any other kind of property, and that, if a man has got possession of a piece of it, he has a right to do what he likes with his own, is pretty well exploded. The issue to be tried is beginning to be admitted on both sides, and it is this: What use of the soil of the country is most conducive to the welfare of the people at large? When that has been determined, it will be easy to shape legislation so as to encourage that use. One answer to the question is almost foreseen. It is dawning upon the public mind that the growing of corn is not a profitable one of the soil. England cannot compete with America, with Hungary, or the great plains of Southern Russia, in that it is a waste of time, land, labor, and capital. Manufactures of all kinds are rapidly encroaching on the land hitherto devoted to agriculture. They are also absorbing the labor and money which it is found to be more remunerative to apply to almost any thing than to the production of grain. It is the manufacture of meat which keeps English agriculture alive; and it is beginning to be understood that this must be made the prime object, and that agricultural operations must be subordinate to it. The total meat-supply in 1871 was 1,447,181 tons, of which 1,266,478 were supplied from home-bred animals. The home-supply has been about stationary for a year or two, while the rapidly-increasing demand for meat is met by imported animals and provisions. The question is whether it would not pay better for England to grow more meat for itself, and there can be no doubt that it would. Beef and mutton are now at from elevenpence to one shilling a pound, and, when trimmed and cooked, the price comes to something like one shilling and sixpence or one shilling and eightpence a pound, and prices are still rising. Mr. Muntz recently proposed, in the House of Commons, that Government should discourage, by royal proclamation, the consumption of veal and lamb, or using up the stock of meat too fast. Mr. Gladstone replied that the country could not go back to sumptuary laws,

but it was a pity that some means could not be devised of repressing a gross and needless waste of animal food. It may be taken for granted that England is on the eve of a revolution in agriculture, and that the country will once more become a land of pastures rather than of cornfields. The agricultural laborer who is employed in growing corn belongs to a decayed industry, like a hand-loom weaving on the silk manufactures, and this is the real source of his misery and destitution. Breeding, grazing, and market-gardening, promise to become the great characteristics of English farming. When it is found that farming can be made to pay as highly as other trades, landlords will find it impossible to resist the temptation to let it have its full swing. At present all that a landlord can get out of agricultural land is so little that he feels he can afford to treat it as a luxury. It yields only some three or four per cent., and it is valued not for the sake of the revenue which can be got out of it, but for the sake of the territorial authority and social distinction with which the owner is invested. Land which fetches a high price for building, or mining, or other industrial purposes, is treated as an article of commerce, and agricultural land will, by-and-by, become too valuable to be withheld from the market.

#### Dolly Varden.

O Dolly! Dolly Varden!  
Is a lady's form a garden,  
That thou madly trail'st it o'er  
With a thousand vines or more!  
Now its every turn discloses  
Lilies, pinks, and blushing roses,  
Violets, forget-me-nots,  
Larkspurs, and I don't know whats.  
All the colors of the year  
In a single gown appear;  
Flowers of every season,  
In and out of reason,  
All a single yard in,  
Hast thou, Dolly Varden.

#### A Frenchman's Opinion.

Monsieur Frédéric Gaillardet, Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, comments on the nomination of Mr. Greeley for the presidency in this wise:

"The choice of Horace Greeley as candidate for the presidency, by the Reform Republican Convention at Cincinnati, not only greatly surprised me, but gave me a certain desire to laugh. I was inclined to see, with the *New York Times*, in the action of the convention a huge joke. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that the Americans seriously think of placing in the presidential chair, and of having themselves represented in the diplomatic world by this big *dégingandé* (an awkward fellow), whom I have so often seen dressed like a greenhorn, wearing pantaloons that were too short, and a coat that was too long, having on his feet shoes that were trodden down at the heel, and on his head a black hat in summer, and a white one in winter, that always looked as though it was going to fall off behind. This species of Diogenes, who lives on milk and vegetables, careless of, if not ignorant of, all the usages of modern civilization, would be a singular representative of the great nation which boasts, and not without some reason, of being the most progressive of peoples. And if we add, on the one hand, to the grotesque exterior of the candidate, the innumerable isms he advocates, and, on the other, the obstinacy with which he for forty years waged war against the Southern Democrats, the choice of the Reform Convention of Cincinnati may be regarded as singular and impolitic. It will hardly be acceptable to both the North and the South, which is the first

condition of the success of any candidate opposed to General Grant.

"There is, however, a good side to the honor paid to Mr. Greeley by the Cincinnati Convention. It is a homage done to labor, to intelligence, and to probity. Journalists could not but be proud to see one of their number elevated to the chief magistrature of the state, and especially one, like many another of them, who has been the architect of his own fortune. Horace Greeley is really the son of his own works, and, had he not been possessed of extraordinary talents and unquestioned honesty, his vagaries would hardly have been excused. He has commanded the respect and esteem of his fellows, not less, perhaps, by his sincerity than by his wisdom. Thoroughly honest men are so rarely met with, that, when we do meet them, we can well afford to overlook their little weaknesses. Mr. Greeley is chiefly indebted, I think, to his sterling honesty and sincerity for the popularity he has acquired, although they have made him the subject of ridicule that would have crushed any other man. Should he be elected, he would be the first journalist to arrive at the presidency of the Union, and it would, perhaps, be no misfortune that the pen should replace the sword."

#### Walt Whitman at Killarney.

Of Killarney I proceed to scrawl, to echo, to express myself, to sigh, to bellow,  
Of the mountains, the lakes, the stones, the waves (the little waves and the big ones), the dust, the spray, the trees—above all trees the arbutus.

Above all trees the arbutus which is made into boxes, brooches, caskets, cake-baskets, paper-cutters, card-baskets, card-cases, stamp-boxes.

At Killarney of the arbutus above every other tree, I, a broad-chested Americanus, do defiantly express myself:

Why do I speak of the arbutus?

I do not know, nor shall I ever know, but others it appears to me will know hereafter.

Of the guides, the carmen, the girls, the blind pipers, the pipers who are not blind, and all other pipers who have been, are, or who shall be at this Killarney for millions of years to come, I do thus write.

The guides deafen me with their lies; they deafen me with the beauties of the place.

The boatmen also tell lies; they defile the place.

I knock down the guides. I throw the boatmen overboard. Yes, now I enjoy the place.

There is heaven and peace. There are no longer names and lies, but the mountains and lakes of paradise.

The Gap of Dunloe is fine; yet it is not like Broadway, or like the Fifth Avenue, or the Second Avenue, or all the other Avenues.

Why is it not like them? It is not. The clouds roll above, the lake is black below, Tore methinks is like a Manhattenee fire-engine—pour—pour—pour—pour.

Dash—dash— Put out the fires that rise in my breast at the thought of hotel bills—bills for mountain-dew and buglers. Grand is your scenery, O Lakes! My stomach rises to my throat at the thought of you.

Yet, grand as you are, the bug that crept out of the blackberry I was about to eat was more wonderful.

It creeps about. You cannot creep about, O mountains!

You, mountains and lakes, only loaf here.

You are beautiful as you loaf; the bug is not beautiful, but it does not loaf.

I will not waste any more pencil or paper on lakes, water, trees, stones; but will now exalt the bug.

#### Diabolical Duality.

A good story is told in Washington of a genial young gentleman, unwilling to omit recognition of an acquaintance, who, at a wedding-reception, caught sight of a gray-whiskered and rather stately person, and, being satisfied by inquiry of his identity, immediately edged along to his side.

"Good-evening," said he, extending his hand with cordiality. "I'm delighted to see you! We haven't met since we parted in Mexico."

"I rather fear," said the gray-whiskered magnate, "that you have me at an advantage."

"Why, don't you recollect? But then I was very much younger," said the other, "with my father in Mexico."

"And, to tell the truth," said the other gentleman, "my remembrances of ever having been in Mexico are very indistinct."

"Excuse the question," said the young man, rather desperately—"are you not Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means. I am Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"A thousand pardons!" And the discomfited youth moved away.

But a few nights afterward, at another reception, his eye was similarly caught, and, the edge of his mortification having been worn off, he could smile at his mistake; and he accordingly once more made his way to the side of a gentleman with gray mutton-chop whiskers, and, after a word or two on the weather and the scene, he suddenly said:

"That was an awkward thing of me to take you for old Thornton, the other night."

"And who do you take me for now, may I ask?" said his companion.

"Why—why," said the embarrassed young man of society, "you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"On the contrary, my name is Thornton," was the rather annihilating response. And the young man at this day calls it a case of diabolical duality.

#### W. H. Seward.

Mr. Seward lives on South Street, Auburn, in the heart of the city, but with his residence so surrounded by trees and shrubs that, in summer, it is hardly visible from the street. The house is partly old and partly modern. His manner of passing the day is this: He rises at seven in the morning, and his toilet preparations occupy him until about eight o'clock, when he breakfasts with the family, after which he takes a walk in the yard. This the severe weather of the winter has prevented until recently, and he began to fear that he should lose the use of his lower limbs; but the resumption of the exercise of walking has apparently fully restored these important members. When he first commenced these walks this spring, he could only walk once around the yard; but he has gained so fast as to be able to increase the number to four. At nine o'clock, after his morning walk, he repairs to his study, and dictates to an amanuensis for his forthcoming book. This work is kept up until about one o'clock in the afternoon, broken occasionally for a walk in the open air. At one o'clock he partakes of a lunch, after which he lies down to rest until about three. At this hour he goes out for a ride in his carriage, accompanied usually by his son, Frederick Seward, and one or two other members of his fam-



fly. This lasts till six, when he returns to the house for dinner. The evening is spent in receiving calls and social enjoyment with his family. At ten in the evening he retires. His mind appears to be as active as ever, and is constantly occupied.

#### A Cook of the Period.

The looks of yer, ma'am, rather suits me—  
The wages ye offer 'll do;  
But thin I can't inter yer surviv  
Without a condishun or two.  
And now, to begin, is the kitchen  
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,  
And fit, ye know, fur intertainin'  
Such fri'nds as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at male-times?  
Bekase 'taint convaynent, ye see,  
To wait, and if I behaves punskul,  
It's no more than yous ought to be.  
And thin is yer gurrels good-natured?  
The rayson I lift my last place,  
The Frinch nuss was such a high lady,  
I sint a dish-cloth at her face!

And have yer the laste of objction  
To min droppin' in whin they choose?  
I've got some enlivin fust cousins  
That fraquintly brings me the noos.  
I must have thim trayted powitly;  
I give yer fair warnin', ma'am, now,  
If the airy gate be closed agin them,  
You'll find me commincin' a row.

These matthers agrayed on betwayn us,  
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud.  
(She looks like the kind I can manage,  
A thin thing without any blood!)  
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,  
I comes for that time, and no liss;  
And so, thin, pruvvidin' ye'd want me,  
Jusst give me yer name and adriass.

#### Rev. Henry Bellairs.

Most people have read of the famous Lord-Chancellor Erskine, who ran the gantlet of three professions—the army, the navy, and the bar. A gentleman has just died in England who followed the great lawyer into the two gallant professions, and then chose a learned one, selecting however the Church, instead of Erskine's choice. The Rev. Henry Bellairs, who died at a quiet little Devonshire village a few weeks ago, entered the navy at fourteen, and received two wounds at the battle of Trafalgar.

Ill-health, consequent perhaps on his wounds, compelled him to quit this profession; but subsequently he received a commission in the Fifteenth Hussars, and, in company with his brother, Sir William Bellairs, served also at Waterloo, being probably the only man who took part in both those battles. Having retired from the army, he took holy orders, and became rector of a quiet town in Shakespeare's county, Warwick. Mr. Bellairs was a member of a very ancient family, long seated at Kirkby Bellairs, in Leicestershire.

#### English Families.

The Marquis of Camden, who died lately, left an only son, born on the 8th of January last, so that this infant peer's property will accumulate for his benefit for twenty years, and will ultimately amount to the pleasant little sum of about two and a half million dollars in cash, besides estates worth over one hundred thousand dollars a year. The late marquis, who was only thirty-one, had eight sisters, all of whom are of age, but unmarried.

It is a matter of common comment in Eng-

land that a large family in one generation is a small one in the next, and this seems a case in point. Many years ago there died a Mr. Bathurst, who had twenty-two children, of whom only one, a daughter, had issue. A large estate in Devonshire is held by the youngest son of the youngest of seven brothers.

#### Plantomour's Comet.

A great many prominent journals on both sides of the Atlantic have been discussing the question whether the earth is likely to be seriously affected in case the comet discovered by Professor Plantomour, of Geneva, should run against it, as predicted. The *London Nature* says that we have nothing to fear from it, and quotes Kepler and Arago to prove that such is the fact. The latter has estimated the number of these bodies which traverse the solar system at seventeen million five hundred thousand, and certainly if they were not very harmless bodies we should have suffered from them before this. The comet of 1770 ran so near to Jupiter that it got entangled among his moons, but the moons rolled on just as usual, while the comet was obliged to leave its orbit and strike out a new road for itself. Many astronomers believe that, in 1861, we actually passed through a comet without the general public having any idea of the fact; and it is now so generally understood that these eccentric objects are entirely devoid of power to injure, that scientific men would eagerly welcome the close approach of one, in order that they might have an opportunity to observe it at close quarters. Perhaps the most pertinent remarks on the particular subject which has called forth the discussion have been made by Plantomour himself, who, after having been highly edified by the various opinions promulgated in regard to the question, has come forward with the information that he has not discovered any comet.

#### A Modern Miracle.

The Archbishop of Laval, in France, has issued a pastoral letter, in which he declares that, in his judgment, "the Immaculate Virgin Mary, mother of God, appeared on the 17th of January, 1871, to Eugène Barbedette, Joseph Barbedette, Françoise Richer, and Jeanne-Marie Lebasac, in the hamlet of Pontmain." He reserves to himself the approbation of any form of prayer or pious book containing a narrative of the miracle, and forbids any thing of the sort being published without his approval. The archbishop adds that, in accordance with the wishes expressed to him on all sides, it is his intention to erect a sanctuary "in honor of Mary on the very ground whereon she has condescended to appear;" and he expects the faithful to contribute as much as possible to the memorial.

### Foreign Items.

THEY have been taking stock of the public libraries in Paris, to discover what losses befell them during the reign of the Commune. It is stated that, with the exception of that at the Louvre—90,000 volumes—which has been entirely destroyed, and some of the books belonging to that of the Court of Cassation, no damage has been done. The Bibliothèque Nationale has 1,800,000 volumes; that of St. Geneviève 110,000; that of the Arsenal 280,000, and that of the Sorbonne 10,000. The manuscripts and other treasures in these collections were all safe.

Blanqui, the veteran French conspirator, has appeared in the criminal courts of France

charged with political offences no less than seventy-seven times. When an officer took him recently into court, he said to him, "May I to-day take my seat on the judge's bench and preside over the court?" "Why?" asked the officer, in surprise. "You see," replied Blanqui, "I have been here so often as a prisoner that for once I should really like to appear here in another rôle."

Four American gamblers succeeded, the other day, in "breaking" the gaming-bank at Monaco. The *croupiers* accused the lucky parties of having begun the play with counterfeit bank-notes, and on that ground refused to pay them the last stakes, amounting to upward of forty thousand dollars, whereupon the Americans drew their revolvers and took forcible possession of the money. There being no police in Monaco, they were not molested any further.

Gustave Doré has just completed his grand painting, "Christ leaving the Prætor's Palace." Its dimensions are thirty by twenty feet, and it contains no fewer than four hundred distinct figures. It took Doré four years to paint it, and he pronounces it the greatest work of his life. It will be exhibited throughout France for the benefit of the National Relief Fund.

The publication of the applications of Germans for money and orders to Napoleon III. will be followed by the appearance of similar applications by Frenchmen to William I. and Prince Bismarck. It is said that Bordier, the author of this French publication, several years ago, begged leave of King William to dedicate a book to him.

Victor Place, formerly French consul in New York, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for defrauding his government in the affair of the Remington arms sales, has withdrawn his appeal, and entered upon his term of imprisonment. He is employed as a cap-maker at the Mazas jail.

Among the books in the private library of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, in the Tuilleries, is a copy of Louisa Mühlbach's "Queen Hortense," which the authoress presented to him. It contains a number of marginal notes written by the emperor himself, showing that the work interested him deeply.

Francis Joseph spends annually for charities two million florins, the Emperor William nine hundred thousand, Victor Emmanuel two hundred thousand, the King of Belgium two hundred thousand, Amadeus of Spain four hundred thousand, and the Russian czar six hundred thousand.

"Marion," a play by Paul Lindau, a German dramatist, is now the most popular drama on the German stage. Edmond About will translate it into French for the Théâtre Français, in Paris, and Dion Boucicault has obtained permission to adapt it for the English stage.

Metz is an uncomfortable place for Prussians to live in. The Messians, as they call themselves, seem to take especial delight in annoying their conquerors in every possible manner, and the interference of the military authorities only makes matters worse.

Up to the year 1871 six hundred and forty thousand copies of Franz Abt's song, "When the Swallows homeward fly," had been sold in Germany. The composer received only twenty dollars for that popular production.

Père Hyacinthe, the dissenting Catholic priest, is engaged to be married to the only daughter of Count von Edel, a Bavarian nobleman of considerable wealth. He made the acquaintance of the lady in Rome.

The Empress Eugénie has been suffering for some time past from a painful inflammation of the facial glands. Her physicians think she will have to undergo an operation that may disfigure her countenance for life.

The Pereires, the famous French bankers, who, four years ago, were believed to be on the verge of bankruptcy, are now said to be richer than ever, in consequence of successful real-estate speculations in Paris.

The death of the Austrian Bishop Fessler, one of the most prominent Jesuits, and the leader of the Ultramontane party in that country, is deplored by the "New Catholics" as a terrible loss to their cause.

Prince Bismarck said recently that the present generation in Alsace and Lorraine would have to die out before the people in those provinces would become thoroughly devoted to Germany.

The latest novel of Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian author, is entitled "The King Lear of the Steppe," and the German and French critics pronounce it his masterpiece.

Bazaine, the imprisoned marshal, has published a book on the operations of the Army of the Rhine, but has not a word to say about the capitulation of Metz.

Max Friedlaender, editor-in-chief of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, and considered the ablest journalist in Germany, died quite suddenly a few weeks ago.

The Duke de Grammont, who played so conspicuous a rôle during the last years of the Second Empire, is now a farmer and village-mayor in Languedoc.

Strasbourg has increased considerably in population since the war. Previous to the war its population had for years been stationary.

Emile de Girardin has obtained a separation from his wife, who is a German princess, and who left him at the breaking out of the late war.

Victor Hugo says that he has been challenged about fifty times in his life to fight duels, but that he has always treated the challengers with disdain.

An illegitimate son of Béranger, the celebrated French poet, is door-keeper of a small suburban theatre at Belleville, near Paris.

Jenny Lind's eldest daughter, a young lady of nineteen, is said to possess as magnificent a voice as her celebrated mother.

Balta is a Russian city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where, until recently, not a single school was in existence.

Laboulaye is lecturing at the Sorbonne, in Paris, to audiences of thousands of persons, on the American Constitution.

The talented and popular composer of military music in Germany bears the inharmonious name of Piefke.

Gladstone, the British premier, owns considerable property near the ancient city of Worms, in Germany.

A Nuremberg *sevent* has issued a book to prove that Christopher Columbus was a native of that city.

Berthold Auerbach's new novel will be entitled "Twenty Years: a Picture of Social Life."

Goethe's "Faust" has been translated into twenty-nine different languages.

A lady is chief of the telegraph department in the Russian Ministry of the Interior.

Sixteen American newspapers are prohibited in Spain.

Frans Abt is the son of a poor Saxon clergyman.

## Varieties.

WHAT Washington knew about farming was worth knowing. In 1787 he had five hundred and eighty acres in grass; sowed six hundred bushels of oats; seven hundred acres with wheat—and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.; and one hundred and fifty with turnips. His stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses; one hundred and twelve cows; two hundred and thirty-six working oxen, heifers, and steers, and five hundred sheep. He constantly employed two hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1780 he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs for the use of his own family, and provisions for his negroes.

The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one thought at a time; for this reason continued whipping is out of the question, and only confirms his stubborn resolve. But if you can by any means change the direction of his mind, give him a new subject to think of, nine times out of ten you will have no further trouble in starting him. As simple a trick as a little pepper, aloes, or the like, thrown back on his tongue, will often succeed in turning attention to the taste in his mouth.

The old and pleasing exhibition of a "magician" standing up to be fired at with a real pistol has its perils for the performer unless he makes sure beforehand of the man who loads the pistol. In a Texas town lately one of these wonderful prestidigitateurs was shot and killed before the audience because the man who loaded the pistol slipped in a genuine bullet, instead of one furnished by the performer, that could be jammed into powder.

The first coal-mine opened in America is said to have been near Richmond, Va. Bituminous coal was here mined as early as 1700, and in 1775 was extensively used in the vicinity. During the Revolution a Richmond foundry employed this coal in making shot and shell for the use of the Continental forces. From a local celebrity it gradually obtained a national renown, and in 1789 it was being sent to Philadelphia, New York, and even to Boston.

Justin McCarthy says: "Charles Reade is a big, heavy, ragged, gray man; a sort of portlier Walt Whitman, let us say, but with closer-cut hair and beard—a Walt Whitman, put into training for the part of a stout British vestryman. He impresses you at once as a man of character, energy, and originality, although he is by no means the sort of a person you would pick out as a typical romanticist."

California produced 6,000,000 gallons of wine and 200,000 gallons of brandy in 1871. The total area in vineyard is about 40,000 acres, and the gross yield to the vineyardists is estimated at \$2,700,000. The price of the wine and brandy to consumers out of the State is three times as much as the vineyardists receive.

A recent number of the *Deutsche Bauzeitung*, of Berlin, says that a contractor of mason-work has been condemned to two years' imprisonment,

and the carpenter to one and a half year's imprisonment, by one of the German courts, for criminal neglect in their work, the building falling in consequence.

A young lady of Richmond, Va., intending to be married, recently telegraphed to Paris for silk stockings, to be made to order, with her name worked in them, and she got them—the price being, in greenbacks, forty-two dollars a pair.

A Western paper says that twenty-five-cent diamonds are becoming so plenty among railroad brakemen, that they are compelled to wear a piece of carpet over their shirt-bosoms after dark, to avoid giving lantern signals when moving about at stopping-places.

The *Saturday Review* thinks that among the lost arts it is painful to have to reckon the art of writing prayers. That art, it affirms, only existed in England during a few years in the middle of the sixteenth century, and it has been going down ever since.

The woman who is "worth her weight in gold" is not such a great match, after all. The average feminine *avoids* would only balance about thirty thousand dollars of the precious metal.

There are twenty female physicians in Berlin who are justly entitled to be called famous practitioners. They have amassed ample pecuniary means, it is said.

The late earthquake in California is now known to have affected an area of about seven hundred and fifty miles long by nearly five hundred miles broad.

A correspondent of an English paper recommends the laying of old iron about rose-bushes. He finds that the iron-rust acts as a tonic to the rose.

Steamboats were first used on the Hudson River in 1807, in England in 1812, in France in 1816.

## Contemporary Portraits.

Anton Rubinstein.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, estimated by many judges as the greatest living pianist, was born, November 18, 1829, at Wechmotimetz, a Russian village near the German border. His father, although of Jewish origin, professed the faith of the Greek Church. He was in comfortable circumstances, and used his means liberally in educating his children. His mother, who is a clever musician and an accomplished woman, and is still a teacher in an institution at Moscow, seems to have had great influence in moulding the two brothers, Anton and Nicholas, the latter a distinguished violinist. It was she who gave them their first lessons in the art in which they have both so greatly distinguished themselves. At six years of age Anton became the pupil of Villoingo, in Moscow, and two years later this excellent master presented his pupil to the public at a concert in that city. The success of the juvenile pianist was triumphant.

At the age of eleven Anton Rubinstein made his first appearance in Paris, and had Liszt among his auditors. His playing literally excited a storm of enthusiasm. After the concert, Liszt clasped his future rival in his arms, and exclaimed: "It is on him that my mantle will fall!"

From this time Liszt evinced the liveliest interest in the studies of young Rubinstein, who, after making a professional tour through England, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, settled down for a time in Berlin with his parents, in order to profit by the teaching of the learned Dehn in the theory of composition. Unfortunately, the death of his father within the year suddenly deprived him of the means

to prosecute his studies, and rendered it necessary for him to quit Berlin for Vienna. Too proud to accept assistance from any one, no matter whom, he provided for himself, young as he was, by giving lessons. He was compelled to work hard in order to make progress in his art. The day was devoted to earning a living, and a large part of the night to practice and composition. He often sat at his table composing until the morning dawned. It was then that many of those tone-combinations came down to him from the world of harmony which have since filled so many with delight. Rubinstein subsequently travelled through Hungary with Heindl the



ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

flutist, and then went to Russia. He was very successful, and had the good fortune to be appointed pianist and concert-master to her majesty the empress. From this time the sun has shone upon his path.

Since his sojourn in Russia, Rubinstein has been a "bird of passage," going from land to land, remaining but a short time in a place. His concert-tours through France and Germany have been eminently successful. The Viennese have for the moment succeeded in securing him to lead their grand concerts, but it is reported that America has made him proposals that will probably induce him to visit the New World at an early day.

## APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 169, JUNE 22, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
WILLIAM MORRIS. (With Portrait.) By R. H. Stoddard.....	675	UP THE GUYANDOTTE: II. (With Illustrations.) By Gilbert Bur-	688
MISS INGLESBY'S SISTER-IN-LAW: Chapters V. and VI. By the		ling.....	688
author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Mabel		WITHIN AND WITHOUT. By Julian Hawthorne.....	692
Lee," etc.....	676	ELIZABETH GOETHE.....	692
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapter XXXVII. By		A MOTHER'S WISH. By Edgar Fawcett.....	693
the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life.".....	681	TABLE-TALK.....	694
COUNT DE GASPARIN ON FRANCE.....	683	CORRESPONDENCE.....	695
LONGING. By Constance Fenimore Woolson.....	686	MISCELLANY.....	696
CHARITALLY AND ITS OWNERS. By R. Lewin.....	686	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	698
LOVE ENTANGLED. By Howard Glyndon.....	687	VARIETIES.....	699
		CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. (Anton Rubinstein.).....	699

## Appletons' Library of American Fiction.

"\* Appletons' Library of American Fiction consists of select novels by American authors, published in neat octavo volumes, for popular circulation, and usually accompanied with illustrations.

1. **VALERIE AYLMEYER.** 8vo. Price, paper, \$1; cloth, \$1.50.
2. **THE LADY OF THE ICE.** By JAMES DE MILLE. With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.
3. **MORTON HOUSE.** By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
4. **RIGHTED AT LAST.** A Novel. With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
5. **MABEL LEE.** By the author of "Morton House." With Illustrations. 8vo. Price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.
6. **DOCTOR VANDYKE.** By J. ESTEN COOKE. (*In press.*)
7. **EBB TIDE.** By the author of "Valerie Aylmer," etc. (*In press.*)

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, has now the established reputation

of being in every respect the safest, purest, and best Illuminating Oil in general use. From millions of gallons sold, no accidents have ever occurred.

Oil House of CHAS. PRATT (Established 1770), 108 Fulton St., N. Y.

Thousands have already handed in their testimony to the superiority of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER over any in use, and thousands will yet testify to its worth after giving it a trial. It recommends itself. Ask for it at your Grocer's.

## ENOCH MORCAN'S SONS' HAND SAPOLIO

Removes stains from the hands, and makes them white.

RAILROAD BONDS. Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 Wall St., N. Y. CHARLES W. HASSLER.